



# SATURDAY REVIEW

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## CHRONICLE.

Birthday  
Honours.

**P****PROMINENT** among the few birthday honours of last week that were of much interest to any but the recipients were the very appropriate Privy Councillorship conferred on Mr. LIDDERDALE, the Companionship of the Bath bestowed upon Mr. GIFFEN, a very useful public servant, and the baronetcy of Sir PETER O'BRIEN, Chief Justice of Ireland, who, of all Irishmen since the great Lord CLARE, has been best abused by those among his countrymen whose abuse is an honour. It is not possible, though the conferring of peerages on colonial magnates is abstractedly an excellent thing, to feel much interest in the ennobling of a lucky financier and railway king like Sir GEORGE STEPHEN, or in that of a millionaire manufacturer like Mr. LISTER.

The discussion in the House of Lords on the Newfoundland business, on *Friday* week, was chiefly remarkable for the rather ludicrous exhibition of himself made by Lord THRING. After Lord SALISBURY had expressed himself as satisfied with the action of the Lower House, and very much dissatisfied with some of its words, Lord HERSCHELL made some amends for that language by admitting in the fullest manner the duty of obeying treaty obligations to France. In the House of Commons the Constable of Dover Castle introduced a Bill to prevent the catching of seals, during close time, in Behring Sea—a measure which, it is hoped, will turn out to be the first step in an arrangement of that difficulty there. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER subsequently promised that the Constable would, on Monday, definitely state the date of the introduction of the Free Education Bill. The rest of the morning sitting was taken up by Supply; and the evening sitting was promptly counted out—a waste of time which, at the date and in the circumstances, may be described as simply scandalous.

Only formal business was done in the House of Lords on *Monday*; but the House of Commons had several matters of interest before it. After the Bristol Channel Pilotage Bill had been debated, and, by a rather large division for a Bill of the kind, carried by 165 to 119, Sir JOHN GORST announced, to the satisfaction of the House, the intended rewards to Major GRANT's Thobal force, and Sir JAMES FERGUSSON made the, in a different way, equally satisfactory statement that the reported conduct of the French in Newfoundland had been brought before the notice of the French Government. It is clearly intolerable that, while we are straining every point and offending our colonists in order to be fair to the French, they should strain every point to be unfair to the colonists and to us. A discussion took place on the course of business, and then Mr. SMITH's Behring Strait Bill was read a second time amid a chorus of eulogy on the Government from the most unexpected quarters, including Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who pretty certainly knows nothing whatever about the matter, and Mr. BRYCE, who quite certainly does know something. For ourselves, we love no arbitrations in international affairs, for reasons which we have often enough explained, and which appear to us convincing. But, putting that point on one side, the business seems to have been well managed. The rest of the evening was spent upon the Report of the Land Bill.

*Tuesday* was as *Monday* in the House of Lords, and very much so in the House of Commons, which devoted the whole of the sitting to the Land Bill. Several new clauses were defeated, the most notable being Mr. SEXTON's famous one for making a hard-and-fast rule whereby honest occupying tenants should be deprived of the benefits of the Bill in the

interest of *ci-devant* evicted defaulters. A very good spirit was shown among speakers on the landlord side, every wish being expressed that innocent sufferers by the mis-leading of Mr. SEXTON and his friends should be permitted, as far as possible, to retrieve their error. But Mr. SEXTON's way of doing this is absurd, and simply puts a premium on folly or dishonesty, while inflicting a loss on industry and good faith.

On *Wednesday*, a House having been made by the eccentric, but now usual, expedient of a count, HER MAJESTY'S Commons did useful but unexciting work, passing a Scotch Streets Bill through Committee, debating the Rating of Machinery Bill, for a long time in that stage, and helping various other measures on.

On *Thursday* the House of Lords, being still unsupplied with any contentious work, devoted itself to private Bills. In the Lower House Mr. LABOUCHERE again tried to get at his favourite black beast of the moment, the Chartered Company of South Africa, and, as every one must have expected, also availed himself of the newspaper gossip, noticed below, to ask questions about Italy and England. Mr. SMITH declared nobly that "no such intolerable abuse of the system of emigration" as the deporting of sixty thousand Russian Jews hither from Riga and Libau could be contemplated. It might have been more satisfactory if he had told us how he proposed to stop the intolerable abuse if it were attempted. Perhaps a similar over-sanguineness was observable in his continued belief that the House can rise by the end of July. If it likes, it can no doubt; but, will it like? The Behring Sea Bill was read a third time, and then the House returned to the Land Bill. This was debated, with many small divisions, till the House adjourned, at midnight, Mr. SMITH, no doubt, still confident about the end of July.

The thieves having fallen out in Ireland, the usual consequences are happening, and the

Tipperary revolt against one of the best landlords in East or West, North or South Britain, practically collapsed last week. Deeply, deeply did this grieve those professional peacemakers, the Roman Catholic clergy, but they could not help it. A very important and well-attended meeting of the Women's Liberal-Unionist Association was held at St. James's Hall on *Wednesday*, and addressed by Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, who described, with accuracy and a little just pride, the present state of Ireland, and (to judge by its subsequent squeals) touched the Nonconformist conscience to the quick, albeit that shy creature has locked itself in a brass kist, and pinned it wi' a pinchbeck pin.

Politics out of  
Parliament.

The result of the North Bucks election was announced yesterday week as being in favour of Mr. LEON (whose election will not please anti-Semites or enemies of the Stock Exchange) by a majority of nearly four hundred, not a third, indeed, of that which Captain VERNEY obtained in 1885, but more than that by which he defeated Mr. HUBBARD two years ago. This is the third Gladstonian seat which has been won by men of money. A fourth was landed at Paisley on *Monday* by Mr. DUNN by a greatly increased majority—a thing to be regretted, though neither this nor Bucks is a seat lost. These misfortunes were to a certain extent, but only to a certain extent, made up by the unopposed return of Mr. VICTOR CAVENDISH in Derbyshire, and by the determination of the City Liberals, who had loudly vaunted their valiant purpose of contesting the vacancy caused by Sir ROBERT FOWLER's death, to stick to that part of valour which has been called the better. On *Wednesday* accordingly Sir REGINALD HANSON walked over.—Lord

HARTINGTON at Bakewell and Mr. GOSCHEN at St. James's Hall made important speeches on Friday week.

**Foreign and Colonial Affairs.** More positive, though not much more detailed, accounts of the affray in Manicaland were received on Saturday morning, the Portuguese one being decidedly comic, and amounting, in the famous formula of Mr. WEMMICK, pretty much to this:—"Hullo! 'Here's an entrenchment! Let's get shot!'" Accounts of desperate fighting in Chili also came to hand, and a very interesting letter from Major GRANT describing the Thobal business, which seems to have been as pretty a little thing as heart could desire. Papers published on the same day made the ammunition mystery more mysterious than ever. Some details of the trials of the offenders (supplemented throughout the week) arrived on Monday morning, which also brought very bad news of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, a new development of the Newfoundland difficulty, the French continuing their SHYLOCK part in the matter of bait, to the detriment of American fishermen, and some minor matters.—Pretty full details, on which we comment at length elsewhere, were published on Tuesday morning as to the new Anglo-Portuguese agreement; as also certain communications between Sir HENRY LOCK and President KRÜGER as to the proposed Boer Trek to Mashonaland.—News arrived that Greek brigands—who have been rather quiet of late—had stopped the Orient Express on Turkish territory, and carried off four German passengers and the British Embassy's Hungarian cook to hold to ransom.—On Thursday morning rather florid, but not uninteresting, accounts (afterwards corrected) were received from Chili of the way in which the insurgent cruiser *Magellanes*, not being caught napping, beat off the Government squadron, including the redoubtable torpedo cruisers, and from Argentina of a run on the Buenos Ayres banks, which had been fatal to four of them, none of which was English. It was inevitable that Buenos Ayres finance should be worse before it was better, but the worse certainly seems to be rather steady, and the better very slow in coming.—In the middle of the week the quidnuncs were set a revelling by some gossip in the *Figaro* as how King HUMBERT should have told Prince NAPOLEON, who should have told M. CHOSE, that Lord SALISBURY a year ago or thereabouts guaranteed the safety of the Italian coasts. A chain with the late revered PLOX-PLOX for one of its links would not exactly hold an ironclad; but whether any such engagement was given or not, it is to be hoped that no Radical raging will induce the English Government to confess it. The whole value of such engagements lies in the power of making them secretly.—The *Itata*, it seems, has been duly surrendered to the United States authorities by the Chilian "Congressional" party, while this amiability on their part towards neutrals is to be contrasted with a fresh decree of President BALMACEDA's closing the nitrate ports which the rebels occupy.—Arrangements are said to have been made for smoothing, at any rate for the present, Portuguese financial difficulties.

**Sport.** A very remarkable cricket match was played out on Monday at Lord's between Notts and the M. C. C., the Club (which had an exceptionally strong team) getting the county (which was below its strength) out for 21 runs in the first innings, and 69 (of which all but 14 were contributed by two bats, Mr. WRIGHT and T. ATTEWELL) in the second, and winning by an innings and 37 runs. On Tuesday Surrey beat Somerset by an innings and 375 runs; the Western county, which was completely outclassed, making 37 only in each innings; and Sussex also in a single innings disposed of Yorkshire.—The Thames Yacht Club match on the same day was won by the *Maid Marion* (better known as the *Yarana*), chiefly owing to luck and light airs. In the Royal London Yacht Club match next day similar conditions and time allowance favoured Mr. CLARKE's forty-tonner *Reverie* in a manner almost exactly justifying the celebrated remark of the foreign lady at Cowes, that "The yachting was 'a sport curious, for the last ship did always win.'"—Although a fillies' race is never quite a foregone conclusion, the Oaks was nearly that for Mr. FENWICK's Mimi, who won in the easiest possible manner from her stable-companion Corstorphine, though she did not follow her Newmarket habit of running away with the race from the very beginning. A race between her and Common ought to be unusually interesting. The racing of the week has been quite third class; and all the important cricket matches which should have begun on Thursday were put off owing to the rain.

The bad weather of the early part of this day Miscellaneous. week interfered with the intended Horse Guards parade and some other celebrations of the QUEEN's birthday.—Letters were published from Lord GRINTHORPE, *de fallibilitate humani generis Grimthorpio excepto*; from Mr. HOWORTH, in an excusable ill-temper, about the Free Education matter; from the Head-master of Winchester, about a very desirable bringing into line of the Easter holidays in Public Schools; and from Mr. HUBBARD as to that unlucky Twyford Allotments Question, which has proved so useful a hotbed in which to grow the *Mendacium politicum* ("a hardy, yet easily forced plant, particularly valuable at election times, but always in 'season,' as a seedsman's catalogue at hand says) to the Gladstonian party.—The Great Western Railway had its main line blocked for some days at Brent, on the edge of Dartmoor, by the falling in of a tunnel.—The Law Courts have been crowded, and have crowded the papers during the week, owing to the strange case of Miss SMITH (*in re PARK*), the BERKELEY Peerage case (a fresh stirring of century-old scandals), and above all the Baccarat case.—The tailors' strike has caused some disturbances in the East End of London, and an omnibus strike is threatened.—The Dean of WESTMINSTER appealed on Friday morning for funds to fill in the last window of the Chapter House with stained glass; and on the same day Mr. STANHOPE's scheme for gratifying the ambition of army doctors by new titles was published.

**Obituary.** Few engineers were better known than Sir JOHN HAWKSHAW, the author of the Severn Tunnel and other great works.—The usual Fourth of June celebration at Eton was prevented by the death of Mrs. HORNEY, wife of the Provost of Eton, in quite early middle life.—Mr. FOLLETT SYNGE, who died at the age of sixty-five, had done good work in the Diplomatic Corps, and was a novelist of considerable talent; while General CREALOCK, besides fighting very gallantly in the Crimea, had seen active service in China, in the Mutiny, in China again, and during the Zulu war.

**Books, &c.** *The Life of Archbishop Tait*, by the Bishop of ROCHESTER and Dr. BENHAM (MACMILLAN), has been published during the week. The Archbishop was a man rather to be respected than liked, and his action at some of the earlier crises of his life was disastrous to the Church; but he became a much better Churchman as he went on, and Lambeth almost superinduced on him an odour of sanctity by his death-time.

#### THE NEW ANGLO-PORTUGUESE CONVENTION.

ALTHOUGH the details of the new Anglo-Portuguese Convention are even yet not very precisely published, those who formerly reproached Lord SALISBURY with bullying Portugal are (as was to be expected) already reproaching him with surrender to her. Others, prompted and protected, let us hope, by that ignorance which is natural and necessary to a certain class of political journalist, are exclaiming at the three per cent. transit duty on the Pungwé route, which, as those who are not ignorant know, represents the alternative to a fifteen per cent. impost elsewhere. Indeed, nothing so much interferes with the discussion of the whole question as this enormous and pervading ignorance. To hear some people speak it might be imagined that the regions in dispute had either at some time been recognized as British territory, or else that, at any rate, they were in the position of the continental dominions of the Sultan of ZANZIBAR, in which British influence was at one time paramount, till *taches* of some sort let somebody else in. Nothing could be further from the truth. If a very few years ago the question had been asked of any number of Englishmen "To whom do Mashonaland, 'the Barotse country, &c., belong?' nine men out of ten, if candid, would have replied, 'I don't know where Mashonaland or the Barotse country is'; the tenth, if careless, would have said, 'Portugal'; if careful, would have said, 'Why, they are no man's land; but Portugal claims them, and perhaps once held them.'" This last would have been the accurate way of putting it, and it will, therefore, be seen that the phrase "surrendering to Portugal" is absolutely out of place. The simple fact is, that the instrument of last year which failed, and that of this year which it is hoped will not fail, concerned and concern an enormous stretch of territory which, though recently travelled over and explored



by Englishmen, and though in no valid sense of the term occupied for centuries by the Portuguese, never has been in any sense England's, and has been in a certain sense Portugal's. Every inch of land which this agreement gives us, and every right conferred by it (except that of the navigation of the Zambesi, which we have for some time claimed), is new, is so much gain for England. To speak in the other sense, is absolutely unreasonable.

We are not entirely sure from the published details as to the extent of country north of the Zambesi to which Portugal's claim has been acknowledged, and there is certainly one flaw in the telegraphic summaries, in that they do not mention any stipulation that Portugal shall not get rid of this district to any Power but England—a stipulation which has very properly been made for Cis-Zambesia. With this made, we can see no objection to the acknowledgment of Portuguese authority in a tropical country not suited for European colonization proper, and not known to be of any great wealth. It must be remembered, too, that we are not giving this, but exchanging it for the district of our own preference—that of Manica, which was by the abortive Convention assigned by ourselves to Portugal. Some stipulations as to the Pungwé route appear more questionable; but here it must be remembered that nobody has ever questioned Portugal's right to the coast, and that the Pungwé route simply doubles or decuples the value of Matabele and Mashonaland. It is, indeed, the key of the whole position, both for good and ill, in a manner which we suspect not many Englishmen understand. Well-informed persons, indeed, are aware that the possession of this route, while it vastly facilitates the colonization of the country, provides the main, if not the only, safeguard against its being turned into a mere Afrikaner preserve, to be shut or opened, taxed or left free, as it may suit the dominant political party at the Cape. Instead of an enormous land route (valuable as that will be as an alternative, and for maintaining communication with the capital), it provides a short transit of some two hundred miles or so straight from the sea. The stipulated transit duty is not a high price to pay for this, and the capitalization scheme is good. For Portugal, which is always in want of money, will by no means improbably find the lump sum so pleasant, that in a short time when her Chauvinists have quieted down, she will be very glad to take another for extending the lease or turning it into a freehold. The further stipulation, that if Portugal does not construct the railway, a neutral Power shall form a Company to do so, is very much less desirable, and not quite intelligible. We want no neutral Powers meddling with Africa to the southward of the mouth of the Zambesi.

Neither Government seems to have paid the smallest attention to the fighting near Massi Kesse, still less to the demand of the redoubtable Major CALDAS XAVIER ("Hot water" XAVIER) for six thousand men from Portugal. From such news as have been received it is indubitable that the Portuguese were the aggressors, and there can be no doubt that the Company's men were quite right to give them a warm reception. A force chiefly composed of natives, and immensely outnumbering the defenders of the stockade, could never have been admitted peacefully within it without almost the certainty of massacre. Nor does it seem at all likely that the home Portuguese Government will make much moan over the fallen. At the same time, the general proceeding suggests rather uncomfortable doubts as to the carrying out of the new arrangement. For one of two things must have happened; either the home Government has been playing a double game during its negotiations, or else it is entirely unable to control its representatives. There is probably, however, more real difficulty in the Boer Trek, which, despite the wise conduct of the Chief Commissioner and the apparent loyalty of President KRÜGER and his Volksraad, is almost certainly being carried out. Here, also, the situation, which does not seem to be thoroughly comprehended in England, is rather complex. Since the infamous Transvaal Convention a good deal of peaceful progress has been made in Anglicizing the Transvaal, by the influx of English miners and other residents, by intermarriage, and the like. But there is still an ultra-Dutch party which hates Englishmen, and, indeed, all white neighbours, which longs for the old patriarchal solitude, and which not only would be glad to get away from the comparative sophistication of the Transvaal as it is, but fears that, if it does not "trek" at once, the whole country to the northward will be occupied by the English. The very discovery of the Pungwé route

has added to this uncomfortable feeling among this class of Boer, and indeed of Afrikaner generally, as though he were to a certain extent surrounded and outmarched. Add to this the numerous possessors of concessions, sham or half-sham, whose interest it is to put these interlopers up against the Chartered Company, and even the least informed person will discern the elements of a very pretty difficulty. It will not become less pretty in appearance when it is further remembered that Mr. RHODES depends for his position as Prime Minister at the Cape, which has helped him so much to establish the Company, on the support of the friends and allies of these very Boers. There is thus not a little thread to spin afresh in the matter. But for England—that is to say, for men of English birth and nationality all over the world, whatever the actual spot of their residence—the acquisition and maintenance of the short sea route to Mashonaland is the *unum necessarium* in the matter. It is a valuable card in itself, and more valuable still for the purpose of trumping others, while it is obtained at practically no expense (for the traffic which uses it will pay for it), and opens regions, every foot of which is clear gain to the Empire. In the improbable case of any new fit of folly on the part of the Portuguese Cortes, the recent violence near Massi Kesse and elsewhere will come in usefully to show that there is no room for the employment of anything but force, and England should then arrange matters simply to suit herself. But meanwhile the proposed arrangement, while decidedly generous to Portugal, is also very profitable to England, and if there were any one on the Opposition side who knew as much of the matter, and had as fair a mind as Mr. BRYCE in another case, it would be universally acknowledged to be so.

#### THE LANGUAGE OF APES.

"WHAT do you say to monkeys?" asks some one in Mr. BYRON'S *Hornet's Nest*. "I never say anything to monkeys; where's the use?" is the reply. Professor GARNER says many things to monkeys in their own language, and describes his conversations in the *New Review*. We take it for granted that the learned professor of the Simian language and literature is not playing off a joke on his editor. Like other people, he has long been convinced that "each sound uttered by an animal has a meaning, which any other animal of the same kind would interpret at once." Even animals of another kind—the human—can interpret the barks of dogs, the cries and songs of birds, the plaintive wail or pleased purr of puss. But we judge by the tone rather than by the sounds. Domesticated animals certainly understand a good deal of what we say to them and about them. Words, as signs of thought, are not incomprehensible to them. Dogs can be taught to say "Yes," and a dog in Scotland could say "WILLIAM," but never got so far as "EWART." Thus speech is not the barrier between man and beast. The bestial intelligence crosses the line into our region; we do not so easily cross the line into the region of the less accomplished animals. Hottentots and Bushmen believe that baboons can talk; Professor GARNER does not seem to know the baboon language like a heroine of fiction. He calls the speech of monkeys "articulate"; and this is going far.

His method of study was most ingenious. He divorced two wedded monkeys, caught the lady's voice in a phonograph, and fired it off at the male. The gentleman was wildly excited. "Is it hallucination, is it telepathy?" he asked in his monkey's mind, and found no reply. By storing monkey speech in phonographs, Professor GARNER learned to utter it himself, and found out what words denoted what things. For example, he conceived that a monkey word meant "milk." The monkey answered by the same word, and placed his paw near the front of his cage. Milk was brought, the monkey drank and asked for more. But observe, this word really described, not milk only, but "thirst," or "drink." Thus we gather that the words of monkeys are extremely general and abstract, which is not, perhaps, what might be expected. They have not one term for water, another for milk, only a term for something to drink. The same is true about food. Their word means "something to eat," they do not seem to have differentiated it into "apple," "carrot," "bread," "banana." A word for "sick" Professor GARNER uttered "with such result" as to make me feel quite sure that I was not far from

"right." But probably monkeys have no special word for measles, mumps, influenza, and so forth. When Mr. GARNER uttered the word of alarm to a friendly Capucin monkey the animal lost his presence of mind, and "seemed almost frantic with fright." Monkey language has about eight sounds, which can be multiplied by modulation. The most frequent sound is like the "oo" in "shoot." There is an "e" as in "be," but no a, i, or o. Consonantal sounds are few and feeble. A monkey can learn to understand a foreign monkey-dialect, but does not try to speak it. He answers in his own vernacular.

Unlike men and women, monkeys "seldom speak when not necessary." Monkeys reason; "to reason they must think, and if it be true that man cannot think without words, it must be true of monkeys." Perhaps it is not true of men, in spite of Mr. MAX MÜLLER's opinion. Professor GARNER tells us of African languages which contain only a few scores of words. What languages are these? The Australians, the most backward of men, have a very full vocabulary and complicated grammar. We are inclined to think that Professor GARNER has discovered little beyond the undoubted fact that animals use sounds as signs. Speech is only the evolution of a system of sound-signs, and is probably not more advanced beyond apish signs than the Murri is advanced beyond the Capucin monkey. But that is an enormous and incalculably great advance. Here comes the gap, the gulf, which evolution crosses on a fairy bridge, or flies over on the wings of a myth. We are only at the beginning of the study of monkey language. But, take the most loquacious monkey and the least accomplished savage, and how wide is the gap which sunders their verbal acquirements! However, we think that such language as monkeys have was not evolved on NOIRÉ's system out of *clamor concomitans*. It is merely a rather advanced and definite set of signs by uttered sounds. Does monkey speech include sound-signs for actions? Have they a verb? Professor GARNER may learn more in his future researches.

#### THE FISHERY SETTLEMENTS.

THE prospect of settlement for our fishery troubles in America, whether Eastern or Western, looks fair enough. There is at least both in Behring Sea and in Newfoundland to be an arrangement made whereby a reasonable space of time will be secured in which a really final settlement can be come to. This is all, and this also is dependent on the consent of other States or persons, on some of whom we have little right to count for help. In the case of the Newfoundland settlement we are by no means out of the wood, and so Lord SALISBURY told the House of Lords in effect, if not in many words, yesterday week. The Newfoundland Legislature has to keep its promise for providing for the execution of the arbitrator's award for three years, and to keep it to the hope as well as the ear. The colonists must not be surprised if some hesitation is felt in taking it for granted that they will be as good as their word to the end. Then, as Lord SALISBURY remembers, but other people seem to have forgotten, it remains to be seen whether the French will be satisfied with the three years' guarantee. They have, as we see already, begun to comment unfavourably on what they call the *reculade* of the Ministry, and it is quite possible that they may give further trouble. It cannot be denied that to some extent they have a case. A guarantee for three years has practical advantages over a guarantee for one; but, after all, it still refuses to concede the principle, and it leaves a door open for renewed opposition in Newfoundland when the term is ended. If the award of the arbitrators is unacceptable to Newfoundland, that opposition will certainly be made. In the meantime the alleged proceedings of French naval officers in St. John's Bay show that, even apart from the lobster question, there are materials for dispute in the complicated relations of Colonial, French, and American fishermen in those waters. The signs that we are at the end of our troubles in Newfoundland are few indeed.

The Behring Sea question also has complications and possibilities of failure of its own. The Bill introduced by Mr. SMITH is simple enough in itself. The seal fishery is to be suspended within Behring Sea itself for a year, with the exception that the Alaska Company is to be allowed to capture 7,500 seals. What security there is that the number will not be exceeded we have not heard. During

the year arbitration, it is hoped, will settle the points at issue between the Governments, and then a final settlement can be arrived at. It is to be presumed that the Governments of the United States and England have settled the terms of the arbitration between themselves. We may also take it for granted that HER MAJESTY'S Government has decided on what scale and in what manner the compensation promised to Canadian sealers is to be given. It is only too probable that they have resolved that it must come from the pockets of the mother-country. The attempt to extract it or part of it from Canada would be sufficiently hopeless. This may appear a reasonable arrangement enough, and the favourable reception given to it in the House is very intelligible. It promises an escape from a tiresome negotiation, and then it provides for another arbitration which is sure to make it acceptable to many. But, after all, this temporary settlement is but temporary, and for the rest it is not yet as much as made. The consent of Russia has to be secured to a suspension of the Behring Sea fisheries, and Germany also, which intervenes for the first time, has to be persuaded to agree to the exclusion of her ships. The consent of these Powers will probably be obtained without difficulty; but the grant of compensation to the fisherman will not pass through the House without question—which at this period of the Session is no pleasant prospect. For the rest, it is not self-evidently true that it ought to pass without question. If, as is highly probable, Mr. STAVELEY HILL is right in saying that many of the so-called Canadian fishermen were, in fact, Americans sailing under false colours for the purpose of infringing the monopoly of the Alaska Company, it is eminently unreasonable that they should be compensated by us. But, even if these fishermen were all Canadians, the compensation would not necessarily be our affair. Mr. SMITH even gave very good reason why they needed none at all, when he said that the prohibition of sealing in the Behring Sea will raise the price of skins taken in other waters, and will of itself give the sealers their *quid pro quo*. What else is needed should at least come partly from Canada. The Behring Sea fisheries only interest us through the Dominion. It is at least as certain as anything can be in the prevailing languor and confusion of the House of Commons that there will be active opposition to the grant of compensation from the Imperial Treasury. If it is made, the fate of the Bill will be as good as settled, and the termination of the Behring Sea dispute will be as far off as ever. In this case also, then, it is very premature to conclude that we are out of the wood.

#### MUSIC-HALL "SKETCHES."

THERE is, of course, no probability of the Theatres Bill becoming law this Session, and not much likelihood, perhaps, of its obtaining adequate, if any, discussion in the House of Commons. The mere fact, however, of its preparation and publication has been productive of advantage, if only that it has been the means of defining, with a clearness never before attainable, the position and claims of the various interests affected by the measure. In particular, we owe it to this project of legislation that we have at last ascertained the exact pretensions of that school of so-called "free trade in amusements" which is at present championed by certain proprietors and patrons of the music-halls. The deputation which waited the other day on Mr. H. W. LAWSON, to urge objections to certain clauses in the Theatres Bill, and to press for their removal, said many enlightening things; and what they hesitate, or are for the present hesitating, to say, has been obligingly said for them, with consequent addition to the public enlightenment, by Mr. CHARLES COBORN. It seems that this deputation, though they approved of the Bill in so far as "it strives to guard public safety and public morality"—a collocation of terms which shows that these gentlemen, at any rate, have not distinguished between what the London County Council can do with advantage, and what they can only make themselves ridiculous by attempting—take decided exception to the definition of a stage-play in Clause 3 of the Bill. A "stage-play" is defined in this clause as including "every tragedy, comedy, farce, opera, burletta, interlude, melodrama, pantomime, or other entertainment of the like kind consisting of dialogue spoken or sung by the performers." This definition might, the deputation complained, be construed to comprise much more than is at present understood by the



term "stage-play." And that, of course, may be so; but the music-hall performer who relies too much on this argument must be on his guard against begging the question. For, if it be "at present understood" that certain entertainments apparently covered by this definition are not to be regarded as stage-plays, may not that "understanding" itself have grown out of the very fact that such entertainments have been irregularly borrowed from the theatres and transferred to the platforms of drinking-saloons? A "stage-play" does not necessarily cease to be a "stage-play"—as these gentlemen seem to think—because it has been performed with impunity elsewhere than on the stage; otherwise the existence of illicit stills might be adduced in support of the contention that whisky is not an excisable spirit. What the legislator ought to consider in the definition above criticized is, not whether it conflicts with the idea of a "stage-play" as at present understood by persons interested in understanding it in a particular way, but whether it covers, without more than covering, all the classes of entertainments which the theatres have given, or been privileged to give, for generations before the modern music-hall was born or thought of. And, the definition thus considered, it appears to us that there is not much amiss with it.

Nor, even assuming that, as it stands, it would unduly restrict the freedom of the music-halls, is that in itself a reason for meddling with it. The proper way of proceeding—at least from what is presumably the point of view of the L. C. C.—is to prohibit in general terms the performance of stage-plays elsewhere than in theatres, whether such performance is, or is not, at present tolerated by the law, and then, by way of specific enactment, to license such exceptions as to the Legislature may seem good. This, however, brings us to the exceptions themselves, and to the attitude which the music-hall proprietors and performers have adopted towards them. The deputation strongly objected to the latter part of Clause 4, which limits "sketches in music-halls to twenty minutes' duration," and provides for an interval of at least thirty minutes between any two such sketches. Such a law, they protest, would practically prohibit these performances altogether, and would "throw" the members of over 200 sketch combinations out of employment. They suggested, accordingly, that the limit of duration should be doubled, and that the limit of forty minutes, which stood on the original draft of the Bill, but "was shortened through pressure brought to bear" on the Council by the theatres, should be restored. It would be impossible, they urged, for the music-halls to compete in any way with the theatres in that space of time, and no such attempt would, indeed, be made, as "the essence of a variety entertainment was to have a series of short items, each complete in itself." It is a little remarkable that the music-halls proprietors, if they really have no thought of competing with the theatres, should be so singularly tenacious of a limit of forty minutes, which so curiously coincides with the average length of a *lever de rideau* or an ordinary one-act afterpiece. And if the "essence of a variety entertainment" be, as these gentlemen have pointed out, in effect, variety, one hardly sees how its essential attractions would be enhanced by substituting sketches of forty minutes for a double supply of "items" of half that length.

Here, however, Mr. CHARLES COBORN comes us in, and we then begin to see more plainly what it is that these "artists" and their "impresarios" actually want. Mr. COBORN takes a very high tone indeed. He is "not in accord with the other members of the M.H.A.P.A. Committee on the subject of the time sketches should be allowed to occupy," and hence he says, "I respectfully informed them that I could not lead their deputation when they had resolved to accept a limit of forty minutes, and some even said thirty." The opinions of the "lost leader" are admirably definite, and are uncompromisingly expressed. "I am absolutely and firmly opposed," he says, "to any interference whatever as to what shall be said or sung, or as to how long it shall take. To my mind the question of smoking and drinking is altogether a foreign matter"—(as, in the case of the cigar, indeed, it should be, though we fear it is not always so)—"and has no connexion with the stage. In no other business," continues Mr. COBORN, warming to his work, "is one tradesman allowed to dictate to another as to what he shall sell, and why should it be the case in ours? Simply because a stupid old Act, formed and passed probably by churchwardens and pew-openers and their friends"—here is a "character sketch" thrown in for

nothing—"says to popular taste, 'Thus far shalt thou go' and no further." It is not, however, unusual for legislation to apply this formula to a good many other acts and inclinations of the citizen, as Mr. COBORN, if he examines into the matter a little more carefully, will not fail to discover; and in the meantime the relevance of his main proposition to his argument is not the easiest thing in the world to trace. It is undoubtedly true, as he says, that the question of smoking and drinking has no connexion whatever with "the stage"; but then it is only Mr. COBORN and his patrons and employers who want to establish or maintain the connexion, the one in the interests of their amusements, and the others in that of their people. And the remark that, in no other business is one tradesman allowed to dictate to another as to what he shall sell, is a droll reversal of the natural order of considerations. Regarded merely as a tradesman who supplies people with wine and cigars, nobody proposes to dictate to the music-hall proprietor. It is he who comes forward with a demand to be allowed to "double" the part of licensed victualler with that of popular entertainer—to compete, in other words, at a great advantage with the licensed victualler who is not a popular entertainer; and it is not exactly an impertinent "interference" with him to inform him that he can only have that privilege under certain conditions.

But, further, it must surely be clear to Mr. COBORN that what is sauce for the "variety" goose is sauce also for the theatrical gander. If no one has a right to interfere with the music-halls "as to what shall be said or sung, or as to how long it shall take," we may ask this staunch champion of *laissez faire* to admit that by parity of reasoning no one has any right to interfere with the theatres as to what shall be smoked or drunk, or as to how, when, and where it shall be provided or consumed. If the music-hall ought to be allowed to do anything on its platform that may be done on the stage of the theatre, then the theatre should at least be allowed to sell anything in its auditorium that is to be had at the marble tables of the music-hall. Theatrical managers should be allowed to play *Hamlet* to an accompaniment of popping bottled-stout corks, and their audiences should be permitted to gaze on the brewing of the witches' "hell-broth" in *Macbeth* through the enchanted vapours of hot whisky-and-water. Or, if the purveyors of the legitimate drama should despise these extraneous attractions, there is certainly no reason why the lighter class of theatrical entertainments should be without them. What might be an inappropriate accompaniment of SHAKESPEARE or SHERIDAN would match well enough with the adaptation of a Palais Royal farce. There are some among us who already find some difficulty in distinguishing between a burlesque at some theatres and a music-hall "variety," and the introduction of a few pipes and pots and a chairman with a hammer into the former would render the illusion complete. Anyhow there are undoubtedly theatrical managers whom it would "pay" to acquire the privileges of the music-hall, and who would not be restrained by any considerations of dignity from doing so. We trust that they will take steps to place their views before the Select Committee to which Professor STUART and Mr. LAWSON wish the Theatres Bill to be referred. Nothing would be more likely to give pause to the enterprising music-hall proprietors who are seeking to convert their halls into theatres than the knowledge that a certain number of equally enterprising theatrical managers seriously contemplated turning their theatres into music-halls.

#### THE RUSSIAN JEWS.

IT has never been easy to understand how some could believe, or why others have affected to believe, that the Czar has been kept in ignorance of the measures taken against the Jews. Much, even of what goes on immediately about him, is hidden from the ruler of Russia. But it is an extravagant supposition that he can have been left uninformed of severe measures taken against several millions of his subjects by his Ministers and his Privy Council. These things cannot be concealed from a ruler whose signature is required to give validity to laws. Neither can we understand what advantage those who have affected to believe in his ignorance can have hoped to gain by their affectation. In private life it is not commonly observed that a gentleman endures patiently to be told that he is a puppet in the hands of his servants. Even good-natured

men have been known to be made very angry by the mere insinuation. It is highly improbable that a gentleman, who must know how poor a figure he cuts unless he is indeed the effective ruler of Russia, will listen with patience to persons who tell him that he is, after all, only an Imperial "nose of wax," though they say it ever so gently. If telegrams in the newspapers are to be trusted, the CZAR has himself taken measures to sweep away whatever doubt there may be on the point. He has informed some influential personage who approached him on behalf of the Jews that the measures taken against them are taken with his consent and approval. The reason given by him is much what he might be expected to give, which, so far, tells in favour of the truth of the story. It is that Jews have been found engaged in every detected Nihilist plot. The whole people has, therefore, in the CZAR'S opinion, become reasonably suspect of hostility to the Russian Government. In the opinion of most foreigners—at least most Englishmen—it is an answer to this that the treatment the Jews have hitherto endured amply explains their presence in treasonable conspiracies. But this retort, which implies that treason against the Russian State is natural and even excusable, cannot be expected to prove acceptable to the CZAR. From his point of view, the Russian Government is a very good Government, and those who wish to upset it are criminals deserving of punishment.

It must be taken for granted that we are about to see a renewal in Russia of the measures taken against the Jews in England in the thirteenth and in Spain in the fifteenth century. It is even said that the persecution of to-day is to be more drastic than the famous Spanish expulsion. The Catholic sovereigns did at least permit those Jews who conformed to the Christian religion to remain. If the position of those new Christians was uneasy, it was so far tolerable that great bodies of their descendants are to be found in Spain to-day. It does not appear that the alternative of baptism is offered to the Jew in Russia. From the words used by Lord ROTHSCHILD at the Council of the United Synagogue, it is certain that the chiefs of the Jewish community in England are convinced that many of their kinsmen will be more or less brutally and effectually expelled from Russia. To come back to the country which supplies the best parallel to Russian methods—there is to be an expulsion of the Moriscos, who were expelled not so much because they were unbelievers, as because they were an alien race. HER MAJESTY'S Ministers are prepared for something of the kind—or else they would hardly have instructed the Consuls in the Black Sea and Baltic ports to collect information about the expected exodus of the Jews. For the neighbours of Russia, whether immediate or remote, this is a serious prospect. Spain turned her Moriscos adrift on the seashores of the Barbary States, and left them to be massacred, enslaved, or starved. But she did not drive them over the Pyrenees into France—and for obvious reasons. There are now no Barbary States to the west, with an active piratical population, in which Russia can turn her Jews. They must inevitably come into countries already populated, and settled, which will not endure the invasion. If expelled by Russia, and rejected by all other States, the Jews must perish miserably. No such shocking piece of barbarism can be allowed; and if Russia really persists in measures which must end in such an outrage, her neighbours will be compelled to take measures in self-defence. This country is believed to be particularly liable to find itself burdened with a mob of refugee Jews, because it is known to be the least likely of all to keep out those who appeal to it for protection. Even England, however, cannot be expected to tolerate the arrival of tens of thousands of Jewish paupers. Lord ROTHSCHILD states that no such invasion is to be expected; which may be taken as a proof that the most influential members of the Jewish community will not encourage one. The question where the wretched Jews are to go to be safe is, to be sure, insoluble, Baron HIRSCH'S scheme of a gradual removal of the race to the River Plate being too fantastic for practical purposes. If Russia really wishes to rid herself of her Jews, she must turn them into Persia or China, and there leave them to be massacred on the old Morisco pattern. But as there are some things which even Russia cannot do, the probabilities are that there will be no such wholesale expulsion. There will be a period of severe repression in Russia, from which the more prosperous Jews will escape, leaving the pauper mass to linger on in the districts set apart for them.

## A LETTER, AND A STUDY.

MR. EDWARD SAMUEL WESLEY DE COBAIN is like the architecture of Queen's College, Oxford, happily unique. None but himself can be his parallel. This legislator is accused of having committed, or attempted to commit, one of those crimes most appropriately described by St. PAUL and by Lord Keeper COVENTRY. A warrant has been out against him for several months, in which the nature of the charge is not concealed. This document has been laid before the House of Commons, and Mr. DE COBAIN is perfectly well aware of all these facts. He must know that, unless he comes home, and surrenders himself to the demands of criminal justice, the inevitable inference will be that he is unfit for human society. His conviction, besides vacating his seat as though he were dead, would for ever exclude him from the civilized intercourse of decent men. His acquittal would re-establish his character, and entitle him to general sympathy as the victim of a calumny as foul as false. If there were nothing against his character, his seat would be one of the safest in the United Kingdom; for East Belfast is the stronghold of the Orange democracy. It is not, of course, in all cases right or reasonable to assume that a man must be guilty because he will not meet his accusers, especially when the offence imputed to him is of this inexpressibly loathsome kind. A curious instance of this fact occurred in Scotland not many years ago. Several men confessed on arraignment to having practised for many years a systematic course of blackmailing upon a gentleman of means and position. They had, in truth, gradually deprived him of his whole fortune, and it was only when reduced to the direst poverty that he turned upon them in despair. Yet investigation showed beyond all doubt that he was perfectly innocent, and had originally been the victim of momentary panic which involved a long and degrading subjection to the most horrible form of tyranny conceivable. Therefore, we ought not yet to shut out the possibility that Mr. DE COBAIN is an injured man, and, indeed, his conduct is hard enough to explain upon any hypothesis whatsoever. The crime laid to his charge is not, for reasons which need not be specified, the subject of extradition. So long as Mr. DE COBAIN keeps out of the QUEEN'S dominions, he is safe from the reach of the law. One could well understand his disappearance from Ireland, from the British Empire, from the world. Suicide, a feigned name, an Oriental domicile, are all intelligible means of avoiding that publicity which persons who will not face a jury are wont to shun. But this sort of thing is not good enough for Mr. DE COBAIN, who has contrived to make himself rather more prominent than he was before. Not long ago he was said to be offering, in the absence of the regular chaplain, to conduct a religious service for British residents at Bilbao. But his favourite occupation is writing letters, which are complete in every particular except the address.

His latest epistle is indescribable, and must be read to be appreciated. "I do not pretend to be anything more than a poor sinner for whom the SAVIOUR died; but, so far as I know my accusers, and the story that they tell, it is false in the sight of God." The best way for Mr. DE COBAIN to ascertain the evidence against him is to return and take his trial. That, however, is not Mr. DE COBAIN'S opinion, as he proceeds to explain. "At the same time I did not feel that the LORD has pointed out to me as the path of duty to meet these men already mentioned, and the many more hinted at, and peril my life and liberty by swearing in self-defence against a crowd, if I might bear witness in the case." This is a rather obscure sentence, and apparently alludes to a previous communication from the same source which showed that Mr. DE COBAIN knew a good deal about the testimony against him. When Mr. DE COBAIN applies to himself the language of the Gospels, and even of the Founder of Christianity, he makes it impossible to criticize or to follow him. There doubtless are "coarse hypocrites who consciously affect beliefs and emotions for the sake of gulling the world," though GEORGE ELIOT thought there were not. But Mr. DE COBAIN can hardly believe that the "East Belfast Independent Conservative Association" will accept a quotation from Scripture as equivalent to a proof of innocence. Why he writes in this strain is a question for M. PAUL BOURGET, or some other morbid anatomist of mental disease. "I have very fully explained," he says, "in the many letters I have sent since I came here [where?], first, that my physical condition is such I could not



"come if the warrant were cancelled to-morrow, unless the rebound of joy would flush with vitality this almost paralysed frame." If the warrant were cancelled, Mr. DE COBAIN would, we gather, be content to live in comparative safety and considerable infamy at his native place. Surely it is almost time that this person should cease to be a member of Parliament. His blasphemies are for another tribunal. *Decorum offensum Dis curat.* But when a man will not take the obvious and ordinary steps to clear himself of hideous imputations, his constituents ought at least to have the opportunity of declaring that they will be represented by him no longer. It is said that the House will require to be convinced of his having evaded justice. This letter shows that he knows all about the warrant, and that it is the existence of the warrant which prevents him from coming home. What more—the authorship being sufficiently proved—can any rational assembly want?

#### THE POPE AND LABOUR.

THE ample preliminary notices of the POPE's Encyclical may have prepared the way for it; but they have considerably discounted its interest. On the whole, it is much what the "arguments" published in a variety of European newspapers had led us to believe that it would be. The POPE examines Socialism and proves it to be naught, and he also gives many excellent reasons why right-minded men, whether they be employer or employed, should be payers of their scores. As for the demonstration of the impossibility of Socialism, we will not say that it is superfluous. It may open the eyes of some of those well-intentioned people of more humanity than reasoning power who feel inclined to be at least tender to whatever undertakes to make mankind happier. They, however, are not a very important body. For the convinced Socialist the POPE's arguments will appear unconvincing, besides being suspicious from their origin. The adventurer who hopes to use the real Socialist for his own ends is not the stamp of man to be persuaded by argument to abstain from playing with edged tools. For the rest of the world the ample human nature which is in it may be trusted to be an effectual defence against schemes which would deprive us of everything men have ever thought it worth their while to fight for. The POPE's moral exhortations, though excellent, will, as we have already had occasion to remark, be the less acceptable because they imply the necessity for a preliminary acceptance by the world of his authority. It is clear at least that, unless his authority or another's (and who shall tell us where to find the other?) is at all times available to interpret doubtful points, it will always be difficult, and will be sometimes impossible, to discover exactly what we all owe one another in the way of work or money. The rough and ready test called the higgling of the market supplies a solution of a kind—the most effectual yet contrived—but unfortunately it can hardly be applied without developing a good deal of those angry passions which the POPE wishes to allay. His recommendation that employers should look after the morals of their men indicates the existence of much vagueness in the Papal mind as to the characters of the respective parties. An employer may be, and, indeed, tends to be daily more and more, a Joint Stock Company employing thousands of hands. It would be interesting to see how the Board of Directors could look after the men, and it might be amusing to hear what the men would say about the interference of the Board of Directors.

It is the master difficulty, too, in these cases, that you cannot always stop at the man who gives the wages when you wish to do justice to the man who receives them. The process of reform has often to be continued to the purchaser, who supplies the employer with the funds from which the wages are taken. When the public wants things cheap and will not take them at all, or in sufficient quantities, unless they are cheap, the choice for the master may be between paying low wages and making no profits, which, in the long run, means no wages for the man. The present dispute between the General Omnibus Company and its men is an instance of the complications to be met with in these things. We may even add that it is nearly as puzzling to the economist as it could be to the POPE. Here is a body of men who ought to be able to make a good bargain. A London driver is not like a casual dock labourer, a man who needs little beyond a pair of arms and legs. The driving of

omnibuses does not come by nature, nor can it be done by a man who lacks certain qualities of strength and nerve. Finally, a driver has to obtain a licence, which is only given to those who can give some guarantee of character and knowledge. Here, then, is a body of skilled, and even picked, men, who ought, one would think, to be able to extort good terms from their employers. Yet it is found that, though not ill-paid, they earn, when all the customary deductions of fees to ostlers, and so forth, are allowed for, a moderate wage, and have to work fifteen hours a day, with two rests of about half an hour each, and two of about a quarter. This is a heavy day's work; but it has always been the rule with them, and in busy times is not infrequently exceeded. The explanation of the puzzle is, we imagine, to be found in the desire of the public to pay as little as possible for their drives. Customers will go as much as they can to the line which takes them cheapest, and so profits are cut down, and wages are kept down. If the public will consent to do without its penny ride, and to pay threepence for twopence, the Companies could afford to employ more men, and so reduce the average day's work. It is to the consumer in fact, to the employer of the employer, that the POPE should address himself to promote the doing of justice all round in the matter of wages. In other and more complicated relations, in which more justice might be shown in this world, the remedy is not so easy to find, but no harm can come of an honestly made effort. There are many in Europe who will listen to, and, perhaps, to some extent act on, the POPE's advice to make that effort.

#### THE CONFESSION OF CANON MACCOLL.

OUR readers, we are sure, will share the gratification with which we have received and read a letter from Canon MACCOLL confessing that he "ought not to have" repeated Mr. BROWNING's conversation, and is "sorry for it." "Sorry for it" is all a gentleman can say, as we all know. The result which we desired, but scarcely expected to bring about, in the gentle remonstrance we ventured to address to the erring Canon has been accomplished. He confesses his fault, and indirectly promises amendment. It is true that he pleads mitigating circumstances. Without unconditionally admitting them, we are not disposed to scrutinize them too closely. Even in penitence needless abasement should be avoided. Canon MACCOLL yielded to a temptation as powerful as can beset a man whose habits of life put him in the way of hearing, and whose tastes incline him to repeat, good things. What he conceived to be a wrong version of a story was current, and he believed himself to be in possession of the right version. Did not the interests of truth itself, and the promotion of accuracy of statement, require him to tell the tale as he had heard Mr. BROWNING tell it? There is a great pleasure in saying "I was there myself," and in recalling the names of the notables who make London dinners, if not precisely banquets of the gods, yet entertainments of a very superior character. The desire which Mr. CHUCKSTER showed to possess Mr. and Mrs. GARLAND with a true version of the dispute between the Marquis of MIZZLER and Lord BOBBY, and the real character of the establishment provided by the Duke of THIGSBERRY for VIOLETTA STELLA of the Italian Opera, "in correction," to use Canon MACCOLL's words to us, "of fragments that had already become public property," has a great deal in common with the spirit which impels all such disclosures. We may urge another plea for Canon MACCOLL. He had the countenance and complicity of a highly respectable journal, the spiritual director of not a few earnest souls, which seemed for the moment to fancy that it was the *Tatler* and not the *Spectator*. With such an accessory after the fact, Canon MACCOLL may easily have conceived that he could not go wrong. However, the Canon admits that he made a mistake, and we imagine that he will not lightly repeat it. The ecclesiastical doctrine of penitence distinguishes, we believe, between attrition, which is simply a regret for the inconvenient consequences of a fault, and contrition, which mourns the fault in and for itself. If Canon MACCOLL were merely attrite, he might deplore the probability that his presence at the dinner-table might impose a check upon the conversation, and prevent his hearing stories agreeable to listen to and amusing to repeat orally. In days of freer talk than our own the warning "Ladies present" is said to have been sometimes

necessary. The reminder "Canon MACCOLL present" might similarly check an overflow of confidence. But the Canon is contrite, and not simply attrite, and we are confident that whatever in future may be said in his hearing will go no further, so far as the newspapers are concerned. We are, as we have said, glad to have been an humble instrument in the good work. But Canon MACCOLL was not the only ecclesiastic in whose reformation and soul's health we ventured to concern ourselves in the article which has had such a happy result. May we conclude by saying that we shall be glad to hear from Cardinal MANNING?

#### THE IMPROVEMENT IN IRELAND.

THE announcement which accompanied Mr. BALFOUR's legitimately exultant review of the condition of Ireland, in his address of the other night to the Women's Liberal-Unionist Association, would, in a different sort of Parliamentary Session, or at an earlier period of this, have possessed high importance. As matters stand, however, there is no likelihood of any immediate practical effect being given to his declaration that, "with the exception of, perhaps, one county and a few baronies here and there, where the ashes of the Plan of Campaign still smoulder," the whole of Ireland might, for any reason that he sees to the contrary, be "relieved from those portions of the Crimes Act to which special exception has been taken" by the Opposition. Perhaps this is not the most felicitous description of those clauses of the Crimes Act which it has become possible to dispense with, nor altogether the happiest suggestion of a reason for dispensing with them. Still the particular phrase here used by the CHIEF SECRETARY need not be too closely criticized. The Crimes Act does, as Mr. BALFOUR points out, consist of two quite distinct sets of provisions, one of which Mr. GLADSTONE has loudly proclaimed to be, not coercive, but beneficial, and, in fact, of such a character that they may be properly embodied in general legislation, not for Ireland only, but for England, as in Scotland they exist already; while the other, though dealing wholly with procedure, and in no respect altering the criminal law, has always been recognized as of a provisional, and so far forth of a temporary, character. It is, therefore, possible, of course, that the time, as Mr. BALFOUR believes, may have arrived for extending the one set of provisions to this country and repealing the other. Still, we cannot pretend to regret that the state of public business will presumably preclude any legislation of this kind during the present Session. Nothing will be lost and something gained by allowing the improved state of Ireland another six months in which to demonstrate its permanence. The Conservative party have had quite enough of premature remissions of Crimes Acts already.

Another no less striking testimony, though from an opposite quarter, to the collapse of that predatory conspiracy against Irish landlords which has been publicly blessed by the owner of the Hawarden estates, had been rendered by Mr. SEXTON on the previous evening in his preposterous amendment proposing to give priority in purchase to tenants whose tenancy had been determined by process of law, or, in other words, to exclude from the benefits of the Land Purchase Act those occupying tenants who have had the courage to assert their rights of free contract in the face of boycotting and intimidation, and to exclude them in favour of those evicted tenants who have lent themselves to a lawless attempt at the suppression of that right and the coercion of those who claim to exercise it. Mr. T. W. RUSSELL finds in Mr. SEXTON's speech, he tells us, "one of the most pathetic incidents in the struggle," and he regards it further "as greatly to the honourable gentleman's credit and honour that he had delivered such a speech." These are sentiments which we must confess ourselves totally unable to share. Mr. SEXTON, it is true, has never taken any very active part in the Plan of Campaign; but that nefarious conspiracy has had his entire sympathy and Parliamentary support; he is as responsible as any of his associates for the loss, misery, and demoralization which it has occasioned; and, though the position of the unhappy dupes for whom he made what Mr. RUSSELL called his "passionate appeal" may be pathetic enough, we can discover no element of pathos in Mr. SEXTON's own position and language. A speech or a situation cannot be at the same time tragic and contemptible, and contempt assuredly

is the principal feeling aroused by the spectacle of the defeated Campaigners who a few months ago were hectoring Mr. BALFOUR and vapouring about the triumph of dishonesty in Ireland, and who now come whining to the CHIEF SECRETARY to take into his kind consideration the case of the wretched men whom they have first corrupted and then betrayed. And, though we are so far in accord with Mr. RUSSELL's second observation as to agree that it would have been even more disgraceful to have left the evicted tenants entirely in the lurch than to endeavour to plead their cause, it appears to us to be quite absurd to represent it as a matter of positive credit and honour to Mr. SEXTON that they should be now attempting to make peace on behalf of the tenants with the law which they have been encouraged to defy. As for these deluded and ruined outcasts there is no disposition, as the kindly speeches of Mr. SMITH-BARRY and others have shown, to deal harshly with them; but there are others who have a prior claim to consideration. Whatever it may hereafter be found possible to do for them, must be done without injustice to those whom they have allowed to step into their places, and who have now acquired legal and moral rights of their own. And to say this is to say that Mr. SEXTON's proposal deserved, and that all proposals similar in principle will deserve, instant and decisive rejection.

#### THE CHILIAN NAVAL WAR.

HOW the Chilians would come out of a fight with foreigners other than their fellow South Americans we have yet to learn. As the *Charleston* and the *Esmeralda* did not buckle to after all, we have missed a chance of learning. But there can be no doubt that they can pound one another with plenty of spirit. The affair in Caldera Bay was creditable to all concerned; and now the action which has followed it at Valparaiso has been distinctly respectable. The flagrant contradiction between the first and second versions of the fight of which the *Magellanes* was the heroine is a warning not to trust all we hear too readily. It is hardly possible to carry contradiction further than it has gone in these two stories. The scene, the time, the relative positions of the combatants do not only vary—they are diametrically opposite. Then the vessels are spoken of with a laxity which gives one pause. There is, for instance, talk of the heavy guns and the forward batteries of the *Magellanes*, which, as a matter of fact, is a composite corvette of no more than 800 tons displacement, carrying one 7-ton gun and one 64-pounder. As for the details of the actions, we should like to have the reports of English naval officers. If we had, so much would probably not be heard of the wickedness of the Government gunboats at Caldera in firing into the *Blanco Encalada* when she was sinking. As she does not appear to have formally struck, the *Lynch* and the *Condell* were perfectly entitled to continue firing into her. As for her crew, they could not expect that they would be allowed to reach shore unmolested. The object of all war is to destroy your enemy's resources, whether in men or materials. The *Blanco Encalada's* men should have surrendered themselves prisoners. As they did not do that, they had no right to complain if the Government vessels took care to prevent them from ever being of any use to their own side again. But, though the reports of the actions have been loose enough, it cannot be denied that the newspaper account of the action in Caldera Bay was in the main confirmed by an officer of H.M.S. *Warspite* in a letter, of which part was printed not long ago.

On the supposition that the newspaper accounts are substantially correct, and with the proviso that these actions have been a case of dog eat dog, it may be allowed that they are interesting and even instructive as examples of naval warfare in modern times. The sinking of the *Blanco Encalada* shows that a heavy steamer caught at anchor with her fires out may be sunk by a torpedo before she can send her assailants to the bottom. In this case the attack was made at daybreak in a light which would be particularly trying to marksmen who had to aim at enemies whose movements were rapid. Again, this action proves that, unless a vessel is hit exactly on a vital spot, she can still stand a good deal of knocking about. Both the *Lynch* and the *Condell* are said to have been repeatedly struck by the *Blanco Encalada's* fire, and yet, though light vessels, they were neither of them crippled. Much the same lesson is taught by the action at Valparaiso. The *Magellanes* was



repeatedly hit, and her opponents also, yet none of the combatants were sunk. Again, this fight at Valparaíso (if correctly reported) supplies a valuable answer to the desponding critics who wail over obsolete ships. If there is an obsolete stamp of craft afloat, it is a composite corvette—that is, a ship or barque-rigged vessel of which the sheathing is of wood, though her frame is of iron. Yet the *Magellanes* beat her steel enemies and escaped being sunk by the forts. The moral of that story would seem to be that, as long as you have guns which will make a hole in your enemy, as long as you do not lose your head and do aim straight, you can give a very fair account even of opponents who are built of steel. Trust in God and aim straight is the motto for the naval officer now as of old. The use of the torpedos in these actions confirms all that reasonable people had always thought of them. Seven were aimed at the *Blanco Encalada*, and only one took effect. At Valparaíso, where the *Magellanes* was moving, none took effect on her at all. Aiming with long missiles which have to go through water is plainly not easy. If it is true that one which was coming straight for her was deflected by dropping a shot in front of it, we have proof positive of the folly of what was always a sufficiently incredible proposition—namely, that a torpedo cannot be turned in its course. The damage done by torpedos to the merchant ships at anchor at Caldera and Valparaíso manifestly proves nothing as to their value as weapons, though it may supply interesting matter of debate to international lawyers.

#### TROCHU ON THE TREASURY BENCH.

THERE is much in the present Parliamentary situation to remind us, so far at least as the uncertainty and consequent interest are concerned, of the siege of Paris. It seems, that is to say, as impossible for the Government to get through their business by the end of July as it appeared to be for the beleaguered garrison to break the ring of the besieging army; yet, on the other hand, one can hardly resist the belief that Mr. SMITH, like General TROCHU, has "a plan." He refuses at present to reveal it—as, indeed, for some time did the General—but all his statements and answers in the House of Commons appear to indicate that it is there; that it exists, and has for some time existed *in petto*, and that it only awaits the appointed hour for its disclosure. How else, indeed, would it be possible to account for the mysterious calmness with which, last Monday night, the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY rehearsed a programme of Ministerial engagements, of simply desperate length and severity, and the easy confidence, staggering even to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. LABOUCHÈRE, with which he backed himself and his colleagues, so to speak, before the end of July? Or how explain the still more remarkable exchange of question and answer which took place between the Leader of the House and certain inquiring members on the following Thursday night? Mr. COGHILL asked whether, having regard to the small amount of time left this Session for a full and adequate discussion of the Education Bill, and in order to give the country time to consider its provisions, the Government would, after the Bill had been brought in, postpone the second reading to November. But Mr. SMITH "could not agree that there "was not sufficient time left for the adequate discussion of "the short Education Bill" which the Government intend to submit to the House. Did he, then, think, inquired Mr. COGHILL, that Supply would take a shorter time than usual? The question was doubtless asked in a spirit of Socratic irony; but this was one of those cases—more frequent, we suspect, even with the inventor of the method than PLATO allows us to imagine—where the Socratic irony fails to "come off"; for Mr. SMITH had reason to believe that Supply would take a shorter time than usual. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT then pointed out that it would help the House to know when Supply would be concluded if they were told when it would be begun. To which Mr. SMITH replied in effect that it would help him to know when Supply would be begun if Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT could tell him when the Land Purchase Bill and other measures having precedence of Supply would be concluded. After which admirably skilful, but still more bewildering, retort, the conversation dropped.

The question, however, is now rapidly passing into a stage of metaphysical obscurity. We are at the end of the first week in June; it is some seven or eight weeks from now till the end of July; there is work before Parliament

which, upon the most favourable computation in an ordinary year, would take at least three months to dispose of; and Mr. SMITH says, and persists in saying, that the time will be sufficient. What, then, is "sufficiency"? Nay, what is "time"? We decline to believe that there is any play upon words in the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY's replies. In one sense, of course, as a certain philosopher once remarked to another, there has always been "plenty of "time." It has simply abounded since its first came into existence at the birth of human consciousness. It is, indeed, indestructible—in spite of our efforts to kill it—and however much of it there has been, we conceive there has always been "more where that came from." No difficulty whatever arises on this head until we begin to ask ourselves the question, "Time for what?" It is, of course, just possible that the Government may be poking metaphysical fun at the Front Opposition Bench, and that when Mr. SMITH declares that time is sufficient, he only means that it is so in the abstract, or for the general needs of humanity, and without any reference to the Order Book of the House of Commons. But, as we have said, we find a difficulty in adopting this conclusion; and we prefer the alternative hypothesis that the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY, like General TROCHU, has a "plan"—a plan for doing three months' work in eight weeks, and, perhaps, leaving a margin for contingencies. Still the omen of the comparison is not a good one; and we only hope that the plan may not end in capitulation and an Autumn Session.

#### THE MUTINIES OF 1797.

THE year 1797 was not the most brilliant, nor at first sight the most important, of the twenty-two during which the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars lasted. Yet it saw the great victories of St. Vincent, in February, and of Camperdown, in October, which ruined an invasion scheme perhaps more really dangerous than Napoleon's; while between these came the great mutiny of the fleet. The victories are beside the question for the moment; but we propose to give a brief sketch of the mutinies. Though they are necessarily mentioned by all historians, whether of the navy or of the time, more or less at length, it may be doubted whether they have ever received the attention which they deserve. The general historian is too busy to look into their causes and consequences. To naval writers they have not been an agreeable subject. Contemporary officers avoided talking of them, much as the Anglo-Indian keeps off the subject of *the Mutiny*. In later times the battles have proved more attractive. Yet the mutinies are worthy of attention, not only for the incidents they contained, nor only because they were the starting point of all that has been done to form our existing force of blue-jackets; but also because they supply within manageable limits, and in singular perfection of development, the history of the rise, the explosion, the degradation, and the end of a sedition. Even if we do not feel interested in the past of the navy, there is in these times of slackening discipline both instruction and warning to be got by seeing how a revolt against authority, though provoked by undeniable grievances and conducted at the beginning with extraordinary moderation, degenerated into pure disorder, which had forcibly to be rigorously dealt with.

Two weeks ago we said something of the composition of the crews of the old navy. The leading facts which our readers will remember were the small proportion of the A.B.s, or prime seamen, on board our ships (nominally they were a third, but in reality they seldom amounted to a fourth of the crew), and the abiding discontent of these men with the bad pay, and bad system of pay, in the navy. The service was so unpopular with these men, who, be it remembered, were absolutely indispensable to a sailing navy, that, according to so good an authority as Admiral Philip Patton, they never volunteered except when they saw no chance of escaping the press. Yet it was from among them that the warrant and petty officers were necessarily chosen. It was impossible to select the leading men from the ordinary seamen and landsmen who were good enough for deck work or sail drill in harbour, but were absolutely untrustworthy in a storm or in the dark. Here, then, was one condition which made for mutiny. The very men on whom the officers had to rely for the direct handling of the crew were themselves discontented. As they were the pick of the sailors, and entitled to hope that in peace they might rise to be mates and masters of merchant ships, they were loth to incur the risks of desertion or mutiny; but they were too much aggrieved to act with spirit against their brother seamen, and still less to betray them. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that numerous cases of mutiny

in individual ships occurred during the American rebellion. They were generally hushed up, and quieted by concessions to the mutineers; but there was no general removal of grievances. With the outbreak of the Revolutionary war the grievances of the men were renewed and intensified. The press needed to supply the immense fleets then armed was severe. A rise of thirty per cent. in the price of all necessities reduced the already inadequate pay to a starvation level. Minor grievances were more keenly felt because of the increase in the great one. It was the custom of the Admiralty to give the men only fourteen ounces for a pound in their rations, in order to prevent what was called leakage of stores. The medical stores were insufficient and bad; indeed, the whole medical department was ignorant and corrupt. The Greenwich Hospital pension was only 7*l.*, as compared to the 13*l.* given at Chelsea. Then, too, the experiments of Captain Cook, and the reforms in diet by which Dr. Gilbert Blane kept Rodney's fleet in the West Indies in perfect health, had taught the sailors that fresh vegetables were an effectual protection against scurvy. Yet the Admiralty persisted in serving out flour to the squadrons when they were in harbour in England. The seamen felt—and they would have been made of strange flesh and blood if they had not felt—bitterly aggrieved that they, who were necessarily exposed to great hardships for the defence of their country, should also be unnecessarily subjected to a loathsome disease for want of what the Admiralty could easily have supplied. Here, then, were all the elements of mutiny. Legitimate discontent among the men, felt most keenly by the prime seamen, who exercised a great influence over their less skilful comrades, but also felt by the ordinary seamen, landsmen, and Marines; and at the Admiralty an authority which was obstinate in neglecting real grievances, and had shown itself weak in dealing with insubordination in the last war. It was certain that as soon as a general combination could be formed—always a difficult thing to do among ships on active service—there would be an outbreak. Admiral Patton had predicted one as far back as '92.

In the winter of 1796 a combination was formed in the Channel fleet then cruising off Brest under Alexander Hood, Lord Bridport. It seems to have been confined to the prime seamen, who calculated, rightly, as it turned out, that their comrades would follow their lead. Four anonymous petitions were sent to Howe—Black Dick, as the sailors called him—who had been compelled by gout to resign the command of the Channel Fleet, and was recruiting at Bath. Howe sent them to the Admiralty, which, finding them in the same handwriting, dismissed them as the work of an "ill-intentioned person," and of no importance. This neglect was taken by the men as a proof that even Howe, who was very popular with them, could or would do nothing for them. They decided to act, and the opportunity came when Lord Bridport anchored at Spithead in the early spring of 1797. It was known that the fleet would go to sea on the 16th of April, and the men were resolved that the order to weigh should not be obeyed till their grievances were redressed. By some means, which have never been revealed, news of this decision was given to Captain Patton of the Transport Office at Portsmouth on the 12th, and by him carried to the Port Admiral, who at once forwarded it to London by semaphore. The Admiralty recognized the gravity of the danger at last, but could think of no way of dealing with it except to order the fleet to sea at once. Bridport hoisted his signal accordingly, but the men were ready with their plan and their determination. They manned the yards with cheers, hoisted the red flag—which, by the way, was the recognized signal for battle—at the main, and took the command out of the hands of the officers. There are some features of this mutiny which are altogether exceptional. No man's name is associated with it as leader; it was absolutely unanimous, the marines joining eagerly with the sailors; no officer was hurt; the admiral's flag was not hauled down; the discipline of the ships went on as before—so much so that some bad characters, who took the opportunity to get drunk, were soundly flogged by their own comrades; but the crews would not get up anchor. A committee of thirty men—two delegates from each ship—was appointed to state their grievances to the King and both Houses of Parliament. It met in the cabin of Howe's old flag-ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, and there drew up its petitions. They are excellently worded, quite free from bombast, and contain only a demand—firmly enough made, to be sure—that the pay of the A.B.'s might be raised to a shilling a day, and that of all others in proportion; that their grievances as to pension and rations should be removed, and that reasonable leave should be given to men in home ports to see their families. The delegates also insisted on a free pardon from the King, to be given in all the forms.

The devil in whom it had refused to believe being now raised,

the Admiralty behaved after the unchanging pattern of authorities, who are obstinate when they might have yielded with credit. It became frightened. The position was, indeed, a dangerous one enough; for, though little memory of the fact remains, the spirit of the army was not much better than that of the fleet. The military pay had also remained stationary since the reign of Charles II., and in 1797 there was a serious danger that the garrisons near London would break out as the sailors had done. Fortunately the Duke of York used his influence with success. The War Office was induced to be wise in time, and military discipline was saved from the shock of forced concessions to mutineers. There being no Duke of York to speak for the sailors, things had been allowed to drift to the pass they had now reached. By this time it was clear that the whole fleet was discontented. In the circumstances the use of force was perhaps impossible. There remained the alternative of instant, frank, and unreserved compliance with demands which, after all, were very moderate. Concession ought to have been the easier because it was universally felt in the country that the men were only asking for what should have been spontaneously granted at the outbreak of the war. The Admiralty took the weak man's favourite middle course, which combines all the evils of the other two, and misses the good in them. The Board went down to Portsmouth and began to negotiate with the delegates. It showed a distinct tendency to make scapegoats of the subordinate officers, but refused for days to promise the rise of pay. The result of this line of action hardly needs to be told. The delegates refused to abate a jot of their demands. They even increased them by adding a demand that the grievances of particular ships should be corrected—in other words, that officers accused of tyrannical conduct should be dismissed. After ten days of useless talk, my Lords surrendered at discretion, promised everything, and took themselves off, having done their best to consolidate the power of the delegates, and not a little to weaken still further the authority of the officers. The red flag was hauled down, the Committee was dissolved, everything appeared to have returned to the old order, and the mutiny to be at an end. It was promised that the fleet should not go to sea till the House of Commons had voted the money for the increase of pay, and the King's Proclamation of pardon was published. Though it appeared difficult for the Admiralty to add to the blunders it had already committed, it contrived to do so. Some delay took place in the publication of the King's Proclamation, and the introduction of the vote for the wages in the House of Commons. As days passed, and nothing was heard of the Proclamation, or of the vote, the suspicions of the men were aroused. They knew the danger in which they stood, and began to fear that the Admiralty meant to cheat them. It was an absurd enough suspicion, but a not unnatural one. The Admiralty ought at least to have foreseen that it could only be removed by the utmost promptitude and openness, since there was no power at hand to control the fleet. Yet it kept silence and delayed the execution of its promises from day to day. At Spithead discipline seemed to be restored. The bulk of the squadron moved round to St. Helen's, leaving Colpoys's flagship, the *London*, and the *Marlborough* at Spithead. Whether order would have remained unbroken is perhaps doubtful; but just at this moment the Admiralty took a step which set the whole mutiny flaming again. An order was sent down to the captains of ships which was a masterpiece of folly. It began by instructing the officers to be more careful in superintending the issue of stores to the men, and then proceeded to give them a number of directions as to the course to be taken for the preventing of future mutinies. The first part, which by implication accused them of pilfering—a charge never made by the delegates—caused profound indignation among the officers. The second, of which the substance was immediately known to the crews, converted their suspicions into certainty—and they instantly broke out again. With this outbreak began the second and distinctly criminal stage of the great mutiny. Hitherto the conduct of the men had been as innocent as the nature of the work they were doing permitted. Now they were about to illustrate the universal tendency of all revolt against authority to degenerate into sheer violence and rebellion.

#### ARCHITECTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE unprejudiced observer will find very little to interest him in the gallery devoted to architectural designs. One or two drawings which should have been there are among the water-colours in a room difficult of access, on account of the fumes from the refreshment saloon below, which seems to be ventilated into it. Holding one's nose and pressing a hand-



kerchief to one's mouth, it is possible to observe an effective sketch by Mr. Phene Spiers of a court in Queens' College, Cambridge (1434), and a very fine view of the Alhambra from the Generalife (1256), by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse. It is odd to think that the same eye and hand, which could so fully appreciate the beauties of this view, should have been the designer of two buildings represented in the Architectural room—one, a bank at Manchester (1832), which would be the ugliest building in that ugly city did it not already boast of the same architect's Town Hall and Law Courts. The other is a view of the Métropole at Brighton, a building which must be quite as anomalous and as far beyond the reach of ordinary architectural criticism as its namesake in London. The nomenclature of the art does not afford terms by which to characterize this kind—we will not say "style"—of building. Mr. Colcutt is its chief prophet in London, where Mr. Waterhouse has hardly been so cordially received as at Manchester; the Natural History Museum at South Kensington was a dose too strong for even the London speculative builder. But Mr. Colcutt has succeeded well in London—we know not why. He is fonder of mere ornament than his master. His mouldings are as heavy, his proportions as faulty, his details as meaningless. But the theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue was praised by some; and now, no doubt, the Bank on Ludgate Hill (1781) will find its admirers. Mr. Colcutt's system is simpler than Mr. Waterhouse's. Mr. Waterhouse goes to Gothic architecture and picks out whatever he finds suitable; it need only be devoid of grace or refinement and involve no very carefully designed surroundings and it will do, and if it does not do, a few pieces of polished stone, a granite or marble slab or two will carry it off. Mr. Colcutt goes further and fares better. He does not confine himself to Gothic. He chooses what is worst, most insignificant, most gaudy in every style of architecture from Siennese to Dravidian, and plasters all alike on the face of the same building, taking care only that, if perchance he should use a classical column or a Gothic archway, neither is designed according to the rules of proportion made and set forth for the purpose by architectural authorities. This idea is not new. Sir John Vanbrugh was the first professor of the anomalous style; but it must be said for him he did not cover the face of Blenheim or Castle Howard with ornaments to conceal their defects. Fergusson says of him, in words very applicable to the eclectic school of our day, that in his smaller designs "the largeness of the parts and the coarseness of the details become perfectly offensive." This is very true of such buildings as the additions to Caius, and the alterations at Pembroke, both at Cambridge, as well as to the new buildings in Balliol at Oxford. We are glad to observe few indications in the present exhibition of any tendency to follow Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Colcutt. There are some very original and pleasing Gothic designs by the late Mr. Sedding, one of them, the tower of a church at Bournemouth (1916), bearing comparison with well-proportioned classical or Palladian work. A number of bungalows and other villas by Mr. Briggs should be looked at carefully, and an interior (1768) is particularly pleasing. Mr. Caroe's chief design is for the courtyard of a London hotel, and is terribly unquiet and fussy (1787), but his "Croft, Stanstead-Mountfichet" (1738) is really picturesque. Messrs. George and Peto are at their best in a room (1833) at Poles, in Herts, with a curved ceiling and panelled walls; and at their worst in a house in Berkeley Square (1742). Mr. May's "House at Hampstead" (1864) has some pleasing "Queen Anne" features, and must contain some pretty rooms with corner windows. What pure Gothic has come to may be seen in Mr. Walters's design (1831) for a convent in Surrey, and in Mr. Brooks's gloomy and ill-proportioned church at Dover (1779). Do these gentlemen and others of their school imagine that by merely heaping up lancets they will be able to build in the style of the thirteenth century? It is useless, no doubt, to insist upon the truism that beauty in architecture implies proportion, not ornament; proportion requires thought, ornament can be had if an unhappy client will pay for it. When, as in the case of the last two drawings named, there is neither proportion nor ornament, it is hard for the critic to know what to say. There are designs not of much importance by Mr. Jackson and by Mr. Champneys, but good classical or Palladian work is conspicuous by reason of its rarity. Mr. Aitchison's attempt (1853) to improve Wilkins's National Gallery being but futile. Mr. Reginald Blomfield contributes two picturesque drawings of Brooklands, Weybridge (1895, 1936). Mr. Brydon's designs for "Whitefield's Chapel and Hall" (1727, 1745) are skied, but look interesting. A poor domestic front seems to conceal a very low but wide dome. The interior will remind some of us of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, before the churchwardens were let loose upon it. Mr. Brydon could not follow a better model if he is

not afraid of provoking comparison. We are glad to observe a tendency in new country houses to return to an old fashion, and provide at least one great room or hall. In Messrs. Walker and Tanner's "Rhinefield" (1790), in Mr. Briggs's "Bungalows" (1768), in Mr. Stenhouse's "Design for a Hall" (1805), and a great many other drawings, we observe the same feature diversely treated; but it cannot be too widely known that in our climate, where outdoor life is almost impossible for days together even in summer, a great central room where we can sit, where we can dine, where we can dance, where we can fence, where we can take exercise, is, especially when the rest of the rooms are small, a very great boon to all concerned. Mr. Knight's "Centenary Hall" (1796) is the least pleasing in the exhibition; but it would seem from other examples that anything is good enough for a public institution—witness Mr. Robson's "South Front of the People's Palace" (1744). We can imagine a lecturer on architecture at the Palace taking it for his text, and pointing to it as an awful warning. If the institution is to have a civilizing and beneficial effect on the taste of the East-enders, why house it in such a building? The Polytechnic, by Mr. Bolton (1736), is another example; but both are outdone by Mr. Morris and Mr. Boinville, who send a design for a "Proposed Polytechnic at Battersea" (1871), which has a most deterrent and frowning aspect. "Within amend, without beware," seems to be written over it.

#### ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

THE Twelfth Royal Military Tournament as a show has been, like most of its predecessors, one of the best shows that London can produce. The stock pieces, such as the "Musical Ride," the "Gymnastic Display by the Army Gymnastic Staff," and the "Display of a Combined Force of all Arms," if anything, surpassed the similar performances of previous years, while an agreeable addition was made to these spectacles by the introduction of a "Display by Detachment of Victorian Troops," who, we are glad to see, have not gone home empty-handed as regards prizes. On the opening day our Australian friends received on their entry in the arena a more than hearty greeting from the large audience, and their very welcome presence at the Tournament should help to increase that brotherly feeling which already exists in no small degree between the Colonies and the Mother-country, and we congratulate the organizers of the Royal Military Tournament on their happy thought in adding this important item to their already large repertoire.

But why the necessity of importing foreign aid? Surely the introduction of a party of French military *maîtres d'armes*, not to compete for the prizes, but merely to give a series of exhibitions of fencing, is a somewhat adverse reflection on the fencing instructors of our own army! It should be observed that there has existed for nearly thirty years an establishment at Aldershot, part of the business of which is the education and training of such functionaries; and if after so long a period of time its results are such as to render necessary the substitution by the Committee of the Royal Military Tournament, certain of whom are or have been personally responsible for the said results, of foreign fencers for our own English ones, it would seem that the department alluded to has not proved so signal a success as the taxpayer has a right to expect. With such contempt, indeed, do its men seem to be regarded by the authorities of the Tournament that they have to compete in the "dismounted" and "mixed" competitions with non-commissioned officers and men who have not apparently enjoyed the same advantages of training—in some instances, even, we are bound to suppose, with their own pupils. And this is scarcely an inducement to them to loyally impart the best of their knowledge to the men under their charge; but rather an inducement to keep as much back from them as possible. Prizes, and substantial ones, ought to be provided for these excellent fellows to compete for among themselves; but to expect a pupil to contend on equal terms against his own master is a pitch of absurdity to which we should hardly have expected even officialism to have attained. It is unpleasant also to notice that the performances of the Frenchmen should have been daily advertised, and in some instances in capital letters, in the leading daily press, to take place on days when the performers had not even arrived in the country. Had a theatrical or music-hall manager committed such an act of—shall we call it carelessness?—it would have been interesting to have heard what epithets the disappointed ones would have applied to him. Similar remarks seem applicable to the discontinuance of the time-honoured contests on foot between a man armed with a sabre and a man armed with a bayonet—combats which the pictorial handbills sent by post certainly lead people to look for. Some of our contempo-

aries appear to recognize in the employment of the foreign element a tendency on the part of the Committee to give a quasi-international character to the Royal Military Tournament. If this is so, we lose no time in pointing out that there is instead ample work for them to do in the way of encouraging the practice of arms in this country generally—a matter which at present they entirely ignore.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

THE failure of the Queensland loan last week gives a warning to Colonial Governments which it is to be hoped they will profit by. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the Bank of England last week offered for tender a Queensland loan of 2½ millions sterling, bearing interest at 3½ per cent., the minimum price being 94, and that less than one-eighth of the loan was subscribed for. Fourteen months ago a loan nearly as large, and bearing the same interest, was covered almost three times, at a price fully three pounds per cent. higher. And the failure of this Queensland issue is all the more significant as it follows the partial failure of a Victorian loan a very little while ago. Of course, the time for bringing out the loan was most unfavourable. The Bank of England rate of discount was 5 per cent., and the probability is that money will be even dearer as the year goes on. There is not much inducement, then, to invest in a 3½ per cent. stock, when probably as much, and possibly even more, may be got by leaving the money upon deposit. Further, the crisis through which we are passing makes it reasonably certain that prices will decline, and consequently that the investor who leaves his money deposited with his banker will by-and-by be able to purchase on better terms for himself. Besides all this, the crisis last November broke down the Syndicates which used to insure the success of colonial issues. There were certain houses and members of the Stock Exchange which for years past were in the habit of combining together, and at the last moment applying for the whole of the several colonial loans that were brought out, in the expectation that they would be able to sell later on with a profit to the investing public. The immediate effect of that was to improve the credit of the colonies, for the Syndicates generally offered more than the investing public were willing to bid. But the indirect result was that the investing public ceased to tender for colonial loans; they came to the conclusion that it was no use doing so as the Syndicates would be sure to overbid them. Now that the Syndicates are unable to tender, and that the investing public have got out of the habit of doing so, the loans break down. That difficulty, of course, would be got over by offering the loans at a fixed price, as foreign Governments generally do, and engaging that all subscribers would be allotted proportionately to their applications. But undoubtedly the chief reason of the failure of this loan is that the financial position of Queensland has been growing worse for some time, and yet that the Government has been recklessly borrowing. According to a statement made by the Colonial Treasurer towards the close of July last, the revenue for the year ended with June amounted to 3,212,000*l.*, and the expenditure to 3,696,000*l.*, showing a deficit of 484,000*l.*, whereas the Budget had estimated a surplus of 64,000*l.*; so that the result was worse by half a million sterling than the Budget estimate. To a certain extent this falling off of prosperity is due to a succession of bad seasons—drought in the first place, and floods in the second—but mainly it is due to the over-construction of railways. At the end of June 1884 there were 1,141 miles of railway open for traffic. At the end of June last year the miles open for traffic had increased to 2,113, being an increase in the six years of 972 miles, or over 85 per cent. But in the same period the receipts had risen only from 582,000*l.* to 776,000*l.*, an increase of 194,000*l.*, or little more than 33 per cent. On the other hand, the expenses had grown from a little over 319,000*l.* in the year ended with June 1884 to very nearly 619,000*l.* in the year ended with June last, an increase in round figures of 300,000*l.*, or about 93 per cent. Thus, while the railway mileage had increased 85 per cent., the railway receipts had increased only 33 per cent., and the railway expenditure had increased 93 per cent. The final result was that, whereas the return on the capital invested in the year ended with June 1884 was 3*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.* per cent., in the year ended with June last it was only 1*s.* 10*d.* per cent.; from over 3 per cent. it had fallen to less than 1 per cent. Such a return in a new country wanting capital, where money naturally is both scarce and dear, proves beyond a question that the railway policy of the colony has been unwise. Of course, as population and wealth grow, the railway traffics will increase, and the lines will become more profitable; but in the meantime the capital

sunk is practically unremunerative, and does not nearly cover the interest which the Government has to pay to the lenders. Even now the colony cannot borrow at 3½ per cent., and yet it is investing in railways at less than 1 per cent.! Owing to this unwise railway policy, the net charge of the debt—that is to say, the charge after deducting the income from railways and interest from local bodies—the charge which has to be defrayed out of taxation, has risen from 327,650*l.* in the year ended with June 1883, to 828,565*l.* in the year ended with June last, a rise of somewhat over half a million sterling, or more than 150 per cent. The population last year was estimated at less than 407,000 souls; and yet this population, barely equal to that of a second-rate English city, increased its debt charge in seven years more than 150 per cent. It is not surprising that surpluses have been turned into deficits, and that the financial position of the colony gives cause for anxiety. It is certainly time that the Government should be made to understand that British investors will no longer enable it to continue its reckless and lavish expenditure. The break down of its credit at a time when the country has suffered from a succession of bad seasons will no doubt cause depression, and possibly distress, for a while; but ultimately it will prove a blessing to the colony. It will compel the authorities to practise economy; it will stop public works which are not required, and, in the nature of things, will not be required for years to come; and thus it will allow the population to grow, and the resources of the colony to be developed naturally. Above all, it will put a stop to that diversion of enterprise from the cultivation of the soil to the construction of unnecessary public works which has done much harm in other colonies besides Queensland.

The reduction of the Bank rate on Thursday was generally expected, because of the inability of the joint-stock banks to combine for supporting the market. Last week two meetings of the leading joint-stock banks were held, but they came to nothing. On Tuesday of this week the representatives of the smaller banks, of the provincial banks, and of the Scotch banks were invited to meet representatives of the leading banks at the London and Westminster Bank; but again no conclusion was arrived at, and the meeting was adjourned to 3 o'clock yesterday. The discussion left little room for hope that a combination would be formed. Apparently the Directors of the Bank of England decided under these circumstances that it was useless to attempt to make the 5 per cent. rate effective, and that it was better to lower the rate to 4 per cent. But if there is real occasion for making the 5 per cent. rate effective, it is not easy to understand the reasoning of the Directors. Either they went too far in urging their views upon the joint-stock banks, or they ought to have endeavoured by their own efforts to make the rate effective. True, the Bank is now very strong. During the week ended Wednesday night it received over 1,800,000*l.* in gold from abroad, raising the coin and bullion to about 26½ millions, and the reserve is now over 17½ millions. But the demands that are likely to come upon the Bank are known to be very large. Three millions sterling will have to go to Russia; nobody knows what the American demand may be by-and-by; and the fresh crisis in Buenos Ayres makes it not improbable that an Argentine demand may spring up also. The foreign banks doing business in the Argentine Republic keep their reserves in gold; but, of course, they pay their deposits in the depreciated paper of the country, and they can obtain the depreciated paper only by selling gold; in fact, the sales of gold for the purpose were so large early in the week that the premium on gold, which at one time was as high as 323 per cent., fell to 293 per cent. Since then it has risen once more. There was thus the curious fact that in the midst of a panic arising out of the discredit of the banks, banknotes actually improved in value for a while. But, as has just been pointed out, that does not mean that the banks of issue have risen in the estimation of the public; it simply means that there was a demand for the banknotes on the part of the foreign banks to pay their depositors. If the sales of gold go on, or rather if the run upon the foreign banks continues, they may be compelled to take gold from London to save themselves from suspension.

The silver market has been somewhat stronger this week. On Wednesday the price rose to 44½*d.* per ounce; but there is not much doing, and there is little probability of an increase in business for the present.

The efforts to bring about a co-operation between the joint-stock banks and the Bank of England so thoroughly frightened the City that at the beginning of the week a crisis seemed almost imminent. The public refused to believe that the Governor of the Bank would put pressure upon all the other banks to make the 5 per cent. rate effective unless he knew of some impending catastrophe. In vain it was pointed out that, although the Bank



had obtained large amounts of gold from New York and elsewhere, it had done so at very great cost and trouble, that it would be unable to repeat the operation by-and-bye, that the demands that would come upon the Bank in the early future must certainly be very large, and that, therefore, it was incumbent upon the Governor to do what he could to protect his reserve. The public was incredulous, and insisted that there must be something serious behind. The names of some of the most important houses in the City were accordingly recklessly talked of, and it was even definitely stated that, at the meeting of the leading joint-stock banks on Friday of last week, a proposal was made to subscribe a guarantee fund for the purpose of aiding one of the greatest houses in the City. The rumour was promptly contradicted, and since then a better feeling has prevailed; but the City is still exceedingly nervous, and any accident might have grave consequences. The *Liquidation* at the beginning of the month on the Paris Bourse has gone over much more smoothly than was generally expected, and consequently the market for international securities has somewhat improved. The reduction of the Bank rate, too, has quieted apprehension, but it will take some time to allay completely the alarm that was excited, and in the meantime business on the Stock Exchange and in the money market is exceedingly quiet, even the American market is dull and depressed. A little while ago there was some active speculation in this market, as the American crops are excellent, while the harvest threatens to be very bad in Western and Central Europe, therefore it is reasonable to conclude that the American exports of wheat will be on a very large scale, and that the railways will get very large traffics. But the fear of failures in Europe and the continued shipments of gold from New York have caused a heavy fall in prices, and as the gold shipments are not yet at an end, there is no recovery.

The banking discredit which has been so general in the Argentine Republic has at last spread from the State banks to the foreign banks. Until last week the foreign banks had retained the confidence of the Argentine public. Their deposits were large, and they were able to choose what business they would do. Last week, however, a general run began, and since, five banks—two Italian, one French, one Spanish, and one native, the latter not being connected with the Government, and not issuing notes—have all had to suspend payment. One of the Italian banks is an old-established institution, with large resources and a good business, and it is expected that its difficulties will prove to be very temporary. The Government, to relieve the banks, has introduced a Bill, suspending all legal proceedings against the banks for thirty days. That may put a stop to the run; if not, it is by no means improbable that other banks will have to close their doors; for however sound an institution may be, it cannot pay all its deposits in cash, since, from the very nature of its business, it is obliged to employ a large proportion of its deposits in lending and discounting. The panic makes the situation worse than ever. The State banks were already unable to give accommodation to men of business, and now that the private banks are crippled, they, of course, will either have to stop business altogether, or to contract it very gravely, and thus the public will find themselves without banking facilities.

On Thursday afternoon the prospectus of an Indian Sterling Loan of 2,600,000*l.*, bearing interest at 3 per cent., was published, the minimum price being 92. Business the same afternoon was done in the new scrip at a premium of from 1 to 1½.

The banking panic in Buenos Ayres, and the great further depreciation in the paper money that is going on, have caused a heavy fall in all Argentine securities during the week. The stocks of the railway Companies have suffered the most seriously. Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary, which used to be a favourite with investors, was quoted on Thursday evening at 127-129, being a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 10. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary was quoted at 73-78, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 12. Central Argentine had a fall of as much as 7, the quotation on Thursday evening having been 60-63. It will be recollected that at one time in 1889 this latter stock was quoted about 220. And Buenos Ayres Pacific Seven per cent. Preference stock was quoted at 76-80, a fall as compared with the preceding Thursday of 2. In all these cases it will be noted how wide the quotations are. The Argentine 1886 bonds, bearing 5 per cent. interest, which, according to the agreement with Lord Rothschild's Committee, are to continue to receive interest in gold, were quoted on Thursday evening at 64, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½. The Four and a Half per Cents were quoted at 31-32, a fall of 6; and the Buenos Ayres Provincial Six per Cent. Loan of 1882 was quoted at 31-33, a fall of 4. The National Cédulas, series A and E, fell 1½ on the week, the former being quoted on Thursday evening

at 17, and the latter at 15; and the B series fell 2½, the closing quotation on Thursday being 15. On the other hand the securities mainly dealt in on the Paris Bourse have considerably recovered during the week, owing to the ease with which the monthly settlement has been concluded. French Three per Cent. Rentes closed on Thursday evening at 94—a rise, compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½. Portuguese bonds closed at 45½, a rise of 1½; Russian closed at 98½, a rise of 1½; Spanish closed at 73½, a rise of 1; and Italian closed at 92½, also a rise of 1. But the stocks chiefly dealt in on the London and New York Exchanges have continued to give way. Indian Sterling Three per Cents, for example, closed on Thursday at 93½, a fall of 1½ compared with the previous Thursday; and the Three and a Half per Cents closed at 103½, a fall of 1½. Great Northern Preferred Ordinary closed at 108, a fall of 1 compared with the preceding Thursday; and the Deferred Ordinary closed at 70-72, a fall of 2. Brighton A closed at 140½, a fall of ½. South-Eastern A closed at 89½, a fall of 1; and North-Eastern Consols closed at 156, a fall of 2½. In the American Department, Union Pacific shares closed on Thursday evening at 45½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½. Louisville and Nashville closed at 76½, a fall of 2. Milwaukee shares closed at 64½, a fall of 1½; and Atchison shares closed at 30½, a fall of 1½. These are all speculative shares, unfit for the ordinary investor, and they are of course, therefore, much affected by money market considerations. The continued large shipments of gold are discouraging operators in New York, and in London the speculation is now chiefly for the fall. But investment securities also have given way. For example, New York Central shares closed on Thursday at 102½, a fall of ¾ compared with the preceding Thursday; and Illinois shares closed at 100, a fall of 1.

#### ORCHIDS AT THE TEMPLE.

THE Royal Horticultural Society has ceased to bewail its expulsion from the South Kensington paradise. Though firmly resolved to build a new palace on the Embankment one day, in the meanwhile it is quite at home in the Temple Garden. We must look back half a dozen years, to the famous Orchid Conference, to recall a show like that of Thursday and Friday last week. It would be inexact to say that all the great collections of England were represented, for there are several leading amateurs and one professional "grower" who decline to exhibit on these occasions. They were not missed, therefore. Since everybody in town visited the show, it is needless, happily, to speak of it in general. We may enter on the particulars at once, naming those contributions, not always the most striking, which call for record. As President of the Society Sir Trevor Lawrence should first receive attention—to put the matter on that ground. He has other claims enough. It would be as invidious as difficult to pronounce who stands first among English amateurs. But there is no question who ranks highest in the annals of orchidology. The collection at Ealing represents the energy, the enthusiasm, and the lavish expenditure of three generations. No wonder that it boasts of "specimens" when Sir Trevor Lawrence has still some plants established by his grandfather. His renowned *Masdevallias* grow more lovely year by year. They almost enable us to fancy the scene which Roetz described long ago in New Granada, where the Indians transplant these glorious weeds, and form gardens of them in the clearings of the forest to decorate their church at Easter-tide. Another of Roetz's spirited little sketches is recalled by the two flowers of *Lælia majalis*. He first saw this stately bloom at a secluded village of Mexico, hanging in garlands across the chancel; and we can believe that such a man felt actually "sick" with wonder and admiration. Such joys had a botanist half a century ago; they are scarcely to be found now, travel where he may. *Lælia majalis* is regarded almost universally as a "rebel"; but we can answer for it that, if the plant be hung up in the sun, out of doors, during July and August, it ought to bloom in the spring. A rare treasure is *Cypripedium caudatum* *Wallisi*, in which the rather feeble colouring of the type pales to a greenish hue, while the lining of the "slipper," turned in at the instep, is softest white enamel, edged with a dainty beading. Here is a pattern for designers to study. *Odontoglossum oxillarium* Fairy Queen is another gem: white, with the faintest possible tinge of rose, and a most delicate yellow stain around the column. *Masdevallia Harryana luteo-oculata* receives an award of merit. Its clear yellow "eye" upon a scarlet-crimson ground is peculiarly fascinating. *Aerides Savageana* well deserves its first-class certificate. This is a new species from Tan-tan Island in the East Indian Archipelago: rose, with a crimson lip, and a very conspicuous "spur."

Baron Schröder made a superb display. Especially to be noticed was his *Schomburgkia tibicinia*, which few have seen in bloom. No description has done it justice. The clustering flowers hang down, sepals and petals of dusky mauve, most gracefully frilled and twisted, encircling the great hollow lip which ends in a golden drop. That part of the labellum cavity which is visible between the handsome incurved wings has bold stripes of dark crimson. *Bulbophyllum Dearei* is new to us—golden ochre spotted red, with a wide dorsal sepal, very narrow petals flying behind, lower sepals broadly striped with red and a yellow lip, upon a hinge, of course; but the gymnastic performances of this bulbophyllum are not so impressive as in most of its kin. Baron Schröder has a fine pot of the climbing *Masdevallia*, *M. racemosa*, charmingly pretty as well as curious. In its native country, we understand, it runs up the tree trunks to the height of twenty feet or more. *Spathoglottis aurea* is a scarce and pleasing species, much like a big yellow *Phalenopsis*. Amongst a number of grand *Cattleyas*, Baron Schröder offered *Cat. Mendellii Bhattii*, snow-white, one of the very rarest orchids existing. The stand of Mr. T. B. Haywood was most notable for its excellent harmony of colour and effect. Mr. A. H. Smee sent *Onc. rigidum*, unique in our experience—a small but striking flower, dull gold, with bright gold lip; *Brassia antherodes*, of a delicate green, with black parallel lines, and white lip; *Od. triumphans aureum*, brilliantly golden. From the Duke of Marlborough came several grand plants of *Vanda suavis*, and a very good specimen of *Cat. Schilleriana*, dusky purple-brown, with a rosy funnel-shaped labellum which spreads out into a broad disc, crimson lined, with a golden centre. Mr. T. Wigan contributed some fine *Phalenopsis grandiflora*, a good dark variety of *Cyp. levigatum*, *Onc. Marshallianum*, *Cym. tigrinum*, and many more. "Messrs. Rothschild, of Acton," who are, more particularly, Lord Rothschild, Mr. Leopold, and Mr. Alfred, had a singularly pleasing and graceful stand. *Vanda teres* might be described as the floral cognizance of that house. At Frankfurt, Vienna, Ferrières, and Gunnersbury, little meadows of it are grown—that is, the plants flourish at their own sweet will, uncumbered with pots, in houses devoted to them. Fifty or more were massed in the space of six feet, rising from a carpet of palms and maidenhair, each crowned with its drooping garland of rose and crimson and cinnamon-brown. We should imagine that Messrs. Rothschild's trophy will have a perceptible influence on the sale of *Vanda teres* this season. Major-General Berkeley exhibited a group of *Phalenopsis* from the Andamans—*Ph. speciosa* and *tetraspis*—a superb variety of the former is called *Ph. s. Imperatrix*. Major-General Berkeley was Governor of those islands, and he made good use of the opportunity to secure a number of the rare and lovely, but excessively delicate, *Phalenopsis* which dwell there. Among the cut flowers of Mr. T. Statler were several of the very highest merit. *Lelia elegans Statteriana* has the crimson velvet tip of its labellum as clearly and sharply defined upon the snow-white surface as pencil could draw; it looks like painting by the steadiest of hands in angelic colour. *Lelia Philbrickiana* is absolutely unique, with greenish-brown sepals and petals, tip violet and white. Both received the award of merit.

Passing to the "growers," Messrs. B. S. Williams showed two fine baskets of *Utricularia montana*, which, by universal consent, in defiance of botany, passes among the orchids. *Utricularias* are, in fact, glorified kindred of our humble "Bladderwort." We observed nothing new on their admirable stand, however. Messrs. Cypher had a good example of *Maxillaria Sanderiana*; the original plant of this fine species, which made such a vast sensation when introduced at the Orchid Conference, appeared among Baron Schröder's exhibits. Messrs. Hugh Low took a Banksian medal for a handsome group of *Cyp. niveum*. But, if the professionals generally did not compete with the amateurs in new or rare plants, Messrs. Sander made amends. Their display was far more astonishing to the expert than to the admiring crowd, which pressed upon it so eagerly that it became necessary to summon two policemen. Wherever the eye turned it lighted on a novelty, a grand specimen, or a strange and beautiful variety. As for the mere arrangement, a white and rosy wall of *Odonto. citrosimum* formed the background, whilst a long line of *Od. vexillarium* bordered the front. More than a hundred *Lelia purpurata*, all chosen varieties, thrust up their noble heads amongst the mass of colour. Of them *L. p. Germinyana* and *L. p. brilliantissima* received first-class certificates; both are all rose and crimson, equally wondrous and equally beautiful. Connoisseurs would agree, no doubt, that *Grammatophyllum Measurum* was the most striking plant in the whole show—pale buff, speckled with chocolate, the ends of the sepals and petals charmingly tipped with the same hue. Not only is it delightful in itself; this success encourages us to hope that other species of the same glorious family will be induced to flower. It takes an award of merit;

but honours were so numerous on Messrs. Sander's stand, that we have not room to mention them. *Onc. Loreense*, from Peru, may probably be unique. A number of plants were imported sixteen years ago, but the flower has not been seen for a long while. It has greenish-yellow sepals, with blurred brown markings; brown petals, and golden-orange lip. The natural hybrid, *Lelia amena*, doubtless *L. Perrinii* × *Cat. intermedia*, is snow-white, with faint pencillings of crimson on the labellum. *Cat. Mossie Arnoldiana* is also white, frilled purple. A most extraordinary *Catasetum* is *C. callosum* from Caracas—even this eccentric genus has not yet shown a species to rival its inky-brown sepals and petals, verdigris-green lip, bright orange column and bright orange apex to match. Three *Odonto. excellens* have supreme beauty—*Od. ex. Princess Christian*, *Sanderae*, and *Baroness Schröder*—all sulphur or golden yellow, fading into white, with brown or crimson blotches. *Od. crispum Amesianum* is, in brief, a lovely giantess. A hybrid *Masdevallia* of great beauty is *Mas. Mundyana*, from *Mas. Veitchii* × *Mas. ignea aurantiaca*. *Cat. Louryana*, snow-white, the lip lined with bluish mauve, is probably a natural hybrid of *Cat. intermedia alba* × *Cat. amethystina*. *Cat. Alberti*, however, was raised by Messrs. Sander, from *Cat. intermedia* × *Cat. superba*; it is rosy, with a grand crimson lip. Messrs. Sander raised also the delightful *Cat. Prince of Wales*, probably from *Lelia elegans* × *Cat. Mossie Wagneri*, porcelain white, veined rose, with golden bronze throat. *Cat. Mossie Measurum* is a superb and marvellous variety, so intensely crimson that the back of its sepals and petals show a tone as deep as the front. An extraordinary example of *Thunia Bensonie* has its natural rose darkened almost to purple. *Od. polyanthum splendens* is a noble specimen, with soft, blurred spots on greenish gold, and brown lip edged with white. Among the rarest orchids in cultivation is *Aganisia cerulea*, from the Amazons, where it grows upon a very slender palm in the swamps. The shape is graceful, a large violet bell with red-brown tip. Here and there all over the shelves stood pots of the exquisite *Cattleya Skinneri alba*, which grows more and more costly. For generations the people of Costa Rica have been gathering every morsel they can find, and planting it upon the roof of their mud-built churches. Roezl and the early collectors had a "good time," buying these semi-sacred flowers from the priests, bribing the parishioners to steal them, or, when occasion served, playing the thief themselves. But the game is nearly up. Seldom now can a piece of *Cat. Skinneri alba* be obtained by honest means, and when a collector arrives, guards are set upon the churches that still keep their decoration. No plant has ever been found in the forest, we understand.

#### BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

STILL another week of Ibsen! let us hope the last for some time to come. That this overrated dramatist should sooner or later be burlesqued was to be expected; but we scarcely imagined we should be condemned to sit out two parodies of him within a few days of each other. Yet such has been our fate. The first was produced at Toole's Theatre on Saturday night; the second at the Avenue on Tuesday. Entitled *Ibsen's Ghost*, or *Toole up to Date*, it occupies only one rather long act and provides a good deal of hearty laughter, especially for those who have seen *Hedda Gabler et alia*. Mr. Toole made up to look like the popular portraits of the much-talked-of "Master" is excruciatingly funny, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh parodies Miss Marion Lea to the life, but she is less successful when she attempts to mimic Miss Elizabeth Robbins. This merry piece of tomfoolery is preceded by H. J. Byron's comedy of *Charles*, in which Mr. Toole is inimitable.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's parody on the "Master" and his works, at the Avenue, might have proved fairly amusing if it had been in one act; but, stretched out to three, it soon becomes almost as insufferably tedious as *Rosmersholm* or *Ghosts*. Mr. Buchanan tries in the three acts of *The Gifted Lady*, to be funny, but he fails utterly in the attempt. *The Serious Family* and *The Colonel* evidently suggested this curious "social drama," as its author is pleased to call it; and on the threadbare fun of these extravaganzas Mr. Buchanan has endeavoured to graft a satire on the fads of the Norwegian dramatist, with very poor result. One salient feature of Ibsen's plays Mr. Buchanan has "hit off" to perfection—their dullness. The piece was well acted. Miss Fanny Brough wasted a singular amount of energy and cleverness on the thankless part of the heroine; and Miss Cicely Richards, dressed to look like Miss Marion Lea in *Hedda Gabler*, had a wearisome task to perform as a lady who abandons her husband and seven children, "including twins," to live platonically with Mr. Harry Paulton in the disguise of Quasimodo. Vainly



did this clever actor try to be droll—the text hampered him, and his fun was strangled by the preposterous “situations” into which he was forced. In the last act we were expected to laugh at the dreadful appearance of Mr. Paulton with a pair of black eyes and a smashed nose! *et c'est tout dire!*

As if we had not enough of Isen burlesqued, Miss Norreys chose on Tuesday afternoon at the Criterion to give us *The Doll's House* in very earnest. Since we have already discussed the merits, and, above all, the demerits, of this all too famous play, we will say no more about it, and turn to the pleasanter subject of Miss Norreys's acting. Throughout the piece she displayed talent of the highest order—we had almost written genius. In the earlier scenes she was girlish and graceful—a trifle too restless and fidgety, but still invariably fascinating and original. She danced the celebrated tarantella to perfection, and impressed into that grim performance a tragic intensity, almost delirium, which was akin to painful in its realism. We liked her best, however, in the quieter scene which closes the play. Here Miss Norreys was intensely earnest and genuinely unconventional and pathetic. Mr. F. Rodney looked and acted Thorvald to the life; and Mr. C. Fulton was quite disagreeable enough as Krogstadt to please the most ardent of Ibsenites. His was distinctly a successful impersonation. Miss Lucia Harwood proved a ladylike and subtle representative of the best drawn character in the play, Mrs. Linden. The piece was “staged” under the direction of Miss Emilie Leicester, one of the ablest and least conventional teachers of the art, or rather arts, of acting now living.

Sheridan Knowles's comedy, *The Love Chase*, has evidently had its day, and all the good acting in the world will not give life to its turgid blank verse. Miss Fortescue, however, invests the character of Constance with considerable grace and vivacity, and in the earlier scenes she is excellent, and won deserved applause each time she played it at the Shaftesbury this week. Her companions, one and all, neither knew how to declaim blank verse—even Sheridan Knowles's!—nor how to impersonate that pseudo-poet's insupportably artificial puppets, who, with all their manners and their tricks, are at least stately and well bred.

The deposition of *Hedda Gabler* having been decreed at the Vaudeville, *Confusion* was revived on Saturday night with its original cast. It is a merry and well-known farce, in three acts, which suits Mr. Thomas Thorne's company admirably. Unto it is now added that droll little play *Perfection*, in which Miss Dorothy Dorr acts very nicely indeed, and, moreover, sings and dances delightfully. The principal feature of the Serpent Fund benefit at this theatre on Wednesday afternoon was the first performance in public of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's travesty of *Hamlet*, called *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*, which is an exceedingly clever specimen of its author's topsyturvy method of extracting fun even from Shakespeare's lofty tragedy. The best thing in the piece is the odd notion of the First Player's turning the tables on Hamlet, and lecturing that young gentleman upon his presumption in dictating to a “professional” how he should act. Mr. Lindo, “made up” in imitation of Mr. H. Irving, as Hamlet, Mr. Watson as the King Claudius, and Miss May Beale as Ophelia, created the heartiest merriment, and never missed a single point. In a little travesty called *Shattered 'Un*, by Mr. Albert Chevalier, Mr. Lindo was very funny, and his “make up,” à la Wilson Barrett, was simply marvellous. This very successful entertainment concluded with a new burlesque, entitled *Good Old Queen Bess*, by Mr. William Robins. It proved to be less happy than its interpretation; for as literature it is quite worthless, whereas the acting, singing, and dancing introduced were, of their class, admirable.

In order to afford Miss Ellen Terry a deserved holiday, it has been decided at the Lyceum that she shall appear as Nance Oldfield at the matinées on Saturdays only. *A Regular Fix* now precedes *The Corsican Brothers*, and in this bright farce Mr. W. Terris greatly distinguishes himself.

The weird critic, to whom we have before referred, has made a new discovery. M. Edouard de Reszke—the finest Mephistopheles in M. Gounod's *Faust* since M. Faure—plays the part as a buffoon! “Igsplane this, men and angels!” And M. de Reszke has, according to this critic, adopted, as a spontaneous piece of “gag,” the old, aged business—not a very good one it is true—of Mephistopheles offering Martha a sunflower in the Garden scene.

It is a distinct mistake for a dramatist to introduce into his play any historical personage whose personality is well known—Napoleon I., for instance, Wellington, or Shakespeare—for, unless the actor selected to play this particular part happens to look like the popular conception of him as he figured in the flesh, he will invariably disappoint. Therefore, much of the excellent work of Mr. Eden E. Greville's *Shakespeare* produced at Maidenhead last week was thrown away. However, it was the young author's first attempt, and, as such, displayed unusual knowledge of stage-craft. The construction of the piece is ad-

mirable, and the dialogue is gracefully poetical without affectation. Unfortunately Mr. P. M. Berton, in his desire to resemble Shakespeare, made himself look like the waxen presentment of the Bard of Avon at Mme. Tussaud's, and, moreover, did not act at all well. Miss Alice Aldercom was charming as Anne Hathaway. Take it for all in all, Mr. Greville's play, dealing with a most dangerous subject, merited the applause of his friends, not so much for its intrinsic merits as for the promise it contained of his capability of doing better work in the future.

*The Wedding Eve* is the title of the new comic opera, adapted from the French, which will succeed *La Cigale* at the Lyric.

On June 15 M. Mayer will open his season of French plays at the Royalty, which promises to be of exceeding interest. Among the new plays promised are *Thermidor*, a monologue by M. Coquelin; *Le Mariage Blanc*; *Edipe Roi* (with Mounet-Sully); and *Les Petits Oiseaux*—the original of *A Pair of Spectacles*.

*A Night's Frolic*, the new piece at the Strand Theatre, is described as a farcical comedy in three acts. This proves to mean, of course, that it differs from the farce pure and simple in being quite unnecessarily prolonged. All but the friendliest among the audience, and nearly every one of the performers, seemed to be wondering, now and then, where, after all, the great “frolic” lay. But for this the latter, at any rate, are not to blame. We see them gallantly doing their best throughout, as they laugh and bustle to and fro, “slamming” the doors with a sort of dogged humour in their bewilderingly frequent exits and entrances. It is not their fault if the plot of *A Night's Frolic* has nothing to say to serious analysis. Indeed, it may fairly be surmised that the plot was the last thing of which the adaptors thought when they took their “suggestion” “from the German of Von Moser.” What they have sought to provide is a row of pegs upon which to hang some new and some familiar portions of the theatrical wardrobe. There is a busy and most enterprising “young widow,” Lady Betty Vane (Miss Alice Atherton). Her part is to plunge herself and neighbours into apparently endless complications—out of sheer goodness of heart. Her ladyship must also disguise herself as a “Chasseur d'Afrique.” Though not inevitable, it may be piquant. Similarly Mr. Willie Edouin as Commodore Stanton is to “create” a character—an old “sea-dog” of a type one is amused to find surviving on any stage. Perhaps the Naval Exhibition has furnished up this rather rusty memory for us. In curious contrast with the sailor and his antiquated sea-terms are the modern couple, the jealous Mr. and Mrs. Sedley, played by Mr. Percy Marshall and Miss Florence West. If to these we add a capital “Chasseur d'Afrique,” impersonated by Mr. C. S. Fawcett, we have the most important elements in what might yet prove, after judicious suppressions, an amusing farce.

#### THE CLOSING OF THE JAMAICA EXHIBITION.

THE Jamaica Exhibition ended its career on Saturday, May 2, if not in a blaze of triumph, at all events with a very pretty display of fireworks. It is a pretty building in the Moorish style, of wood toned to a light terra-cotta colour, and, with its central dome and minarets, looks well both from the sea in front and from the mountains above it. Inside, also, the effect was light and varied, and the general *coup d'œil* very pleasing. It is impossible to say, however, that there was anything striking either in the exhibits or in the way they were arranged; and, as regards tropical productions themselves, the Colonial Exhibition in London of 1886 was far more complete. It is curious that Jamaica, notwithstanding the energy and spirit she had shown in promoting the Exhibition, should have made at first so poor a display of her own resources; and it was not till some weeks had passed that anything like a fair representation of her products was brought together. Demerara, unfortunately, held aloof altogether; but the islands sent what they could, and there was a very fine collection of ancient stone implements recently discovered in St. Vincent. Great pains had been taken with the gardens, and a machine for transplanting trees had been imported from England. With the aid of this, tall palms, clumps of bamboos, and other large trees had been imbedded in the level plain behind the building, and, with the numerous flowering shrubs with which the island abounds, transformed its aspect. Before the close, however, the long drought had told upon the new arrivals; the grass had suffered from the wearing of feet, and it needed the deceptive light of a tropical moon to silver over their withered appearance. Beyond a single fountain, no attempt had been made to make use of water as a feature in the garden, nor was any alteration made in the levels of the soil; possibly this was too costly, but in a land of rivers and flowers the garden did not afford the variety and beauty that might have been expected. Nevertheless, con-

sidering the novelty of the undertaking, the great expense attaching to it, and the numerous difficulties it had to encounter, as well as the short space of time in which it had to be done, the promoters of the Exhibition may be said to have carried out their plans with determination and success.

Financially it has not been a success, for it ends in a deficiency of 4,548*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* Against this may be placed the value of the building and its appurtenances. It is to be hoped, as Sir Henry Blake said in his speech, that no man has been "guilty of the mean and dishonest swagger of putting his name down for a guarantee which he would not pay if called upon." He assumed that, whatever men promised to pay, "they were prepared to pay, and their minds might be easy as to the question of the payment of the debts." But Jamaica "caught on" at the prospect of the Exhibition, and there are already ugly rumours of men being aghast at having to pay the entire sum which they put down their names for in the enthusiasm of the moment. The total number of admissions to the Exhibition during its three months' life has been 304,354, or, roughly speaking, a number equalling about half the population of the island. Many visitors were expected from America and from Europe; but this hope has been fulfilled to a very limited extent. Nor have the other islands taken advantage of the novel spectacle so near to them, and the fine old King's House at Spanish Town, which had been most hospitably fitted up for the reception of neighbouring governors, has remained the whole time without a tenant. Jamaica herself, however, would undoubtedly have furnished larger numbers but for a curious and unlooked-for circumstance. Just before the opening a rumour spread among the negroes that this vast building and enclosure was to be the means whereby they were to be entrapped, and that all who passed the turnstiles would be reduced to slavery. To their extraordinary minds the presence of Prince George with seven ships of war in the bay gave confirmation to their fears, and the negroes, especially from the country, held aloof. Many who had come miles away from the hills gazed on it from the outside, but refused to enter. It required a special proclamation from the Governor, and much activity on the part of the most influential men in the island, before this notion was dispelled, nor up to the end was it entirely eradicated. After mentioning a fact which is so little to the credit of the sense and education of the negro, it is satisfactory to record a more pleasing feature. No single arrest has been made for drunkenness or disorderly conduct. The familiar notice "Beware of Pickpockets!" was nowhere to be seen; nor, as far as we know, had any one cause to regret the absence of the unpleasant reminder. How far the minds of the population were elevated by the things of beauty and utility they saw around them, it is impossible at present to say; to the outward eye it appeared as if their interest was entirely centred in the "Merry-go-round." Round this they thronged, waiting their turns with a patience that only a negro can show, spending all their money, yet shouting with joy when at last the time came, and mounted on their wooden steeds they spun round to the exhilarating tunes of a barrel-organ.

But it would be unjust to estimate the value of the Exhibition as a mere question of pounds, shillings, and pence, and probably its promoters did not look upon it in that light. They regard it as a bold advertisement for Jamaica, and Sir Henry Blake considers it would have been well worth the money had the cost been ten times as much. It is too soon yet to appreciate its effects one way or the other; but its very existence may be taken as evidence of the awakening of the island. A few years ago it would have been impossible; a few years hence it might have been more complete, and had a more far-reaching success. Land is rising in value; old accounts at the Bank are being paid off; new industries are at work, and a spirit of energy is abroad. The motive power has not come from the mother-country, which formerly ranked Jamaica among her richest, as she still remains one of her loveliest, possessions; it is due to the enterprise of America. America has permeated Jamaica. Go where you will you meet Americans; not idle tourists spending their dollars in quest of beautiful scenery, but hard-headed, earnest men, each with a business and an object of his own. The railway is owned and worked by Americans; the banana trade is in their hands; American carts gather the fruit from the road-side depôts, and place it for the most part at the northern ports, whence American steamers convey it to American ports. The railroad itself will effect a complete revolution in the island. It is no hastily constructed, temporary affair, but built as solidly as an English line, and amply equipped with the best rolling stock. Its receipts, both for passengers and goods, show an almost monthly increase. In a short time it will extend from one end of the island to the other, and across the mountains to the bays and harbours in the north. Kingston will then be placed within two days' steaming from Florida, as it is now within five

days from New York. With the extension of the line new watering-places will arise for the jaded inhabitants of the towns in the hot weather, and health-resorts in the hills become accessible. A number of new hotels have already been started by a syndicate calling itself the American Hotel Company, but it is American only in name. They have built good houses in beautiful situations, and have furnished them sufficiently, but a good deal more is required. Visitors from England or America do not care to be charged full prices for bad and ill-selected wines, and be waited on by a dirty groom in carpet slippers. With the network of railway complete, and an extension of properly managed hotels, a more delightful sojourn for the winter months could not be imagined; and the time may yet come when Jamaica will be again, as it once was, a household word with the English people.

#### OPERAS AND CONCERTS.

THE interest created by M. Van Dyck's performance in *Manon* attracted a large audience to Covent Garden Theatre last Saturday, when the Belgian tenor appeared as Faust in Gounod's opera. Though hardly in so good voice as in the previous week, he achieved a striking success by his performance of a part which it is difficult to render anything but conventional. M. Van Dyck abandons the traditional business of the first scene, and it is not until the Kermesse scene that the new Faust appears in his rejuvenated form, wearing a splendid dress, which looks as if it had been copied from some old German portrait. Vocally M. Van Dyck was at his best in the Garden scene, which was sung with rare charm and passion. It is rather in *mezza voce* passages that he excels, and it was delightful to hear M. Gounod's love-music delivered with such ease and beauty of colouring, and without the least attempt at forcing the voice. The rest of the cast was almost the same as on previous occasions this season. Miss Eames was a charming Marguerite; and a new-comer, Mlle. Passama, made a fairly successful *début* as Siebel. The opera was sung in French, which was a great advantage as far as the principal singers were concerned, though the pronunciation of the chorus was anything but Parisian. On Tuesday, the reappearance of Mme. Melba as Juliet, in Gounod's opera, caused the more fashionable parts of the house to be filled with the most brilliant audience which has been seen this season. The Australian prima donna has made great progress since she appeared here a few years ago; her voice has increased in tone, and her singing, which was always good, has become unsurpassable for finish and brilliancy of execution. Juliet remains one of the best parts in her repertory, and on Tuesday night she showed once more that the music suits her admirably.

The programme of the fifth Philharmonic Concert, which took place on the 28th ult., was, as is customary at these concerts, of inordinate length. It included Haydn's "Oxford" Symphony; Goetz's Symphony in F, Rubinstein's Fourth Pianoforte Concerto, a Symphonic Overture by Mr. J. F. Barnett, and Wagner's "Kaisermarsch"; besides songs and pianoforte solos. It is impossible that so much music can either be properly rehearsed at the two regulation rehearsals of the Society, or that it can be appreciated by an audience when it is performed. If the Philharmonic directors would only take a lesson from Dr. Richter, and limit their programmes to an hour and a half or two hours' music, their concerts would be as enjoyable as they deserve to be with such an orchestra. The playing of the band on the 28th was very good. The Haydn Symphony, in particular, was excellently given, and the same was the case with Goetz's beautiful work; though, in the latter case, a little more delicacy in the pianissimo would have been desirable. M. Paderewski was the pianist, and played the solo part in Rubinstein's Concerto with wonderful fire. His other solos were Chopin's Nocturne in F, Op. 15, Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody, and (for an encore) the same composer's transcription of Schubert's "Erl-König." The vocalist was Miss Ella Russell, who was in excellent voice. Her first song—a *scena* from Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*—is hardly suitable for a concert-room; but later in the programme she sang the charming air, "Mon cœur s'ouvre," from Saint-Saëns's *Samson et Dalila*, in a manner which drew forth loud applause.

The second Richter Concert resulted in a disappointment to those admirers of Wagner who do not mind his intentions being disregarded by the performance of scenes from his dramatic works on the concert platform. A selection from *Die Walküre* and the Paris version of the Venusberg Scene (from *Tannhäuser*) had been announced for performance; but, owing to the illness of Miss Anna Williams and Mr. McGuckin, both excerpts were omitted, and their places were taken by instrumental numbers. The only novelty in the programme was the Overture to Cornelius's



comic opera, *Der Barbier von Bagdad*, a work which failed on its first production thirty years ago, but has recently been successful in Germany, Austria, and America. Cornelius was an ardent follower of Wagner and Liszt, and the Overture played on Monday night shows that he was influenced strongly by the former, though never to the detriment of his own individuality. It is a brightly scored and clever work, though the fact of its being constructed entirely upon themes from the opera to which it forms the Prelude gives it a somewhat disconnected and patchy appearance. The concert ended with Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, a magnificent performance of which was given. The only vocal number in the programme was an Air from Handel's *Rodelinda*, which sounded strangely out of place among so much music of the very modern school. It was well sung by Mrs. Moore Lawson, who created so favourable an impression at Herr Waldemar Meyer's recent Orchestral Concert.

On Tuesday afternoon St. James's Hall was well filled on the occasion of M. Paderewski's Orchestral Concert, when the Polish pianist was heard in two Concertos and in a number of short pieces by Chopin. The Concertos were those by Beethoven in E flat ("The Emperor"), and by Schumann in A minor. M. Paderewski's reading of the former, though singularly reserved, was characterized by much charm and refinement and was absolutely free from the least exaggeration. In Schumann's work his playing was equally good; but his reading is different from that to which English audiences have been accustomed by Mme. Schumann, and for this reason it created less effect than might have been expected. Nothing could well have been more perfect than the playing of the solos of Chopin.

Among the numerous minor concerts of the week only a few require notice. At M. Ysaÿe's Violin Recital, on the 28th ult., the Belgian violinist introduced an interesting Sonata for Piano-forte and Violin by Gabriel Fauré, one of the most distinguished of modern French composers, besides playing solos of Mozart, Bach, Vieuxtemps, Raff, and Nachez. On the following afternoon, Mr. Frank Howgrave, a pianist who has met with some success in Germany, gave a Recital at Princes' Hall. His programme included solos by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Gottschalk, and Liszt, but his performances did not create a favourable impression. His style is broad, but extremely unfinished, and his playing is deficient in clearness, which is increased by excessive use of the pedal. On the same afternoon Miss Louise Phillips gave a very pleasant concert at 4 St. James's Square. Miss Phillips has been trained in an admirable school, and her singing is always refined and artistic. She was heard to great advantage in songs by M. V. White, Mackenzie, and Massenet, besides taking part in duets with Miss Marguerite Hall, and in three part songs, by Jacques Lefèvre, Benet, and Beale, which were a novel and agreeable feature in the programme. On Monday afternoon Mr. Cusins gave his annual concert at St. James's Hall, at which his musicianly Septet for Piano and Strings created a favourable impression. The concert-giver was also heard in solos by Liszt, and joined M. Emile Sauret in duets for piano and violin. The vocal numbers were unusually interesting, although Mr. Edward Lloyd—who was announced to appear—was absent through illness. Mlles. Giulia and Sofia Ravogli sang several solos and duets, and M. Maurel gave admirable performances of the "Abendstern" Romance from *Tannhäuser*, and of songs by Augusta Holmès and Tosti. At Princes' Hall, on the same afternoon, M. René Ortmans and Mr. C. A. Trew gave a Concert, at which the chief feature of interest was the singing by Miss Macintyre of Dessauer's Bolero "Le Retour des Promis," and a song by Mrs. Trew. The finished violin playing of M. Ortmans created a favourable impression, especially in Grieg's Piano-forte and Violin Sonata in G, in which he was joined by Mr. Trew. At the same concert-room, on the following afternoon, Herr Carl Fuchs, a talented violoncellist, gave a Violoncello Recital, the programme of which was much altered, owing to the absence of Mme. Amy Sherwin, who was to have sung, and of Mr. Willy Hess, who was to have led Mr. C. H. H. Parry's Trio in E minor. The latter work was replaced by Brahms's first Violoncello Sonata, which was admirably played by Herr Fuchs and Mr. Leonard Borwick, while the place of the vocalist was taken by Miss F. B. Taylor, who sang Brahms's "Liebestreu" and Chaminade's "L'Été."

#### THE WEATHER.

WE have unsettled weather to report this week; but it is satisfactory to find that the reports for the week ending Saturday last announce continued progress in the way of recovery from our recent prolonged drought. Each district, except the West of Scotland, shows the deficit of rain still further diminished since the preceding Saturday. In Scotland West

there is still a deficiency of more than 6 inches of rain, only 12 inches having fallen there since January 1. As regards temperature, the readings have been persistently low, and the only region in Northern and Western Europe where reasonably warm weather has been experienced has been the shores of the Gulf of Finland, or at least the North of Sweden. The main characteristic of our own weather during the week from May 27 to June 3 has been that the three depressions which have been over these islands have all moved from east to west—a direction which is very unusual. On Thursday, May 28, the depression of which we spoke last week lay over Ireland, having moved westwards from England, and it gradually passed out to sea by Saturday, having given us a fair amount of rain in the North of England and of Ireland. On Sunday morning a disturbance, apparently serious, showed itself off the south-west of Ireland, with a south-easterly gale at all the stations along that coast. More than an inch of rain fell on that day at Valentia, and probably elsewhere in the neighbourhood. This system was apparently forced to retreat westwards, for on Monday morning not a trace of it was to be seen on the map. On Monday morning another system of slight intensity showed itself off Brest, and by that evening had advanced as far as Cornwall. This it was which produced the thunderstorms of Monday evening. The depression followed the same westerly course as its predecessors, and passed out to sea again after deluging our south-west coasts with rain. Cork received an inch and a half, added to 0.6 in. on Sunday, making more than two inches in two days. Valentia more than equalled this quantity if Saturday and Monday be taken together, and Scilly also came in for a large share. As regards temperature, on Wednesday in last week at no station in these islands did the temperature reach 60°. On Thursday the inland stations in England showed an improvement, and since that day the progress has been steady, if slow. On Sunday 70° was reached in London, Cambridge, and Loughborough, and since that day this temperature has been maintained as the maximum at several stations. The actual highest reading in these islands has been 75° at Cambridge on Monday, and on the same day the thermometer in Paris touched 80°. On Wednesday 86° was reported from Biarritz.

#### SPORTS AND CONTESTS.

THE first three weeks of county cricket have produced a few very interesting games, but nothing of a sensational kind, and no great surprises. The first encounter between Notts and Surrey, fixed, as usual, for Whit Monday, was much interrupted by the weather, as was every match up to the close of last week; but it ended before three o'clock on Wednesday in favour of the Southern county by five wickets. The result was largely due to Abel, who has begun the season in excellent form, and who scored in this match 103 and 63 not out. The next best score for Surrey was Mr. Key's 60 (for both innings); whilst on the side of Notts, Mr. Dixon had an aggregate of 135 to his credit; Gunn, 83; and Flowers, 47. Though beaten, Notts played excellent cricket; the captain in particular maintaining the high standard which he set up for himself in the season of 1890. The good play made by the Northern county against Surrey is the more worthy of mention because, at the beginning of this week, the Notts men (without their captain or Shrewsbury) put in one of the most remarkable scores on record—at any rate for a county in the very first flight. Playing a strong M.C.C. team at Lord's, on a spongy wicket but under a glowing sun, they went in first, and made a total of 21 in an hour and ten minutes. Seven batsmen declined to score, whilst the most successful compiled 5 runs at the rate of one every twelve minutes. The M.C.C. included Dr. Grace, Rawlin, and the two old Australians, Ferris and Murdoch. The county did a little better in their second effort, but were beaten by an innings and 37 runs.

Thursday and Friday in last week were drenching days in most parts of the country, and the match between Lancashire and Sussex could not be played before half-past eleven on Saturday. There were seven hours' play; and, if there had been seven and a half, it is probable that Sussex would have had to endure a single innings defeat. Mold and Briggs—than whom few counties can boast of a more formidable pair of bowlers—were quite unplayable; and when time was called, the visitors, with six wickets down in their second innings, were still 40 runs to the bad. Mold is a formidable bowler in more senses than one; but there is no suggestion of anything unfair in his somewhat demoralizing style. As for Briggs, there are some who consider him at this moment second to no bowler in England, and Lancashire had reason to lament his absence during part of the Surrey match—a match in more than one sense lucky for the last-named team.

Middlesex has begun the season unfortunately enough, several of her best players being incapacitated by illness, marriage, or other good or evil fortune. Against a first innings of 120 on the part of Kent, the Middlesex team succeeded in putting together 112 runs for twenty wickets. It is true that the match took place at Lord's on Friday and Saturday before Whitsuntide, under the worst possible conditions for batsmen, as attested by the fact that thirteen of the said twenty wickets fell to Martin at a price of less than four runs a wicket. Martin has performed great feats with the ball—his average last season was a little over thirteen—but without some assistance from the weather it is impossible for the best of bowlers to present an analysis of that kind against a first-class county. There is no question about the fact that Middlesex of late has been somewhat below her old pre-eminent form, and that as a metropolitan county she might be fairly expected to make better records than she actually does. It might be difficult to say exactly what is wanted. In 1890 there were three batting averages of twenty or upwards, whilst Mr. Nepean established the champion bowling average of 11·21. Possibly another professional or two might give Middlesex the stiffening which it needs before it can expect to head the county records again. But we are not suggesting that cricketers can have no higher ambition than to head the county records—far from it. Middlesex has been as characteristically an amateur county as Yorkshire, for instance, has been a professional county. We are not aware that the Southern team suffers by comparison. To pursue this digression somewhat further, the professional element preponderates in Surrey and Lancashire, and still more so in Notts; and the inference from the position of these three counties in the records of the game is inevitable.

Of recent University cricket there is not much to be said. A strong M.C.C. eleven, captained by Mr. C. D. Buxton, beat Cambridge somewhat easily, being called upon to score no more than 57 in their second innings. At Oxford in the same week the University looked like beating Mr. Philipson's team, but time and weather conspired against a finish. The best thing done at Oxford or Cambridge during the past three weeks was Mr. C. Smith's capital innings of 70 for Oxford against M.C.C., Martin and Attewell bowling. As the 70 was exactly seven-tenths of the aggregate score of the side, for the first innings, it may be inferred that the Oxford men did not make a very brave show against the metropolitan club.

In addition to the M.C.C. matches already referred to, the Club sent down a strong Eleven on Whit Monday to Sheffield Park, to play a scratch team, including Messrs. Barrett, Newham, and Murdoch, with Lohmann, Phillips, and Marlow. There was little more than two hours' play on Monday, the visitors being dismissed for 109. Tuesday brought somewhat finer weather, and the Sussex captain came off, hitting up 77 in brilliant style, and encouraging his side to raise a total of 172. M.C.C. were then 63 behind, and their last man was in before the balance could be wiped off—time being called just as the single-innings defeat was averted. If the game had ended one minute earlier, or about ten minutes later, Lord Sheffield's Eleven must have scored a victory. Messrs. Ferris and Murdoch, who played in this match on opposite sides, are now both available for the Marylebone Club, having been elected at the last meeting of the Committee.

It remains to add a word about the extraordinary match between Surrey and Somerset on the first two days of the present week. The Somerset team was by no means identical with that which won so many laurels last year, beginning with a victory over Middlesex, and ending with a tie in the return match against the same county. Hedley, the two Palaires, Roe, Woods, and Newton, were all conspicuous by their absence. This is accounted for in some instances by the inability of Oxford and Cambridge men to take part in matches for their county before the end of term; but it is unfortunate that the new comer in the first class of counties should have had to meet the champion team under such disadvantages. The Somerset bowlers, two excellent professionals, failed in their attack on Monday last. Five of the Surrey men were dismissed for small or comparatively small figures, but the other five scored 45 and upwards, Henderson putting together a capital 106. The Rev. A. P. Wickham took four lives at the wickets, stumping Abel, Henderson, and Sharpe, and catching W. W. Read. Surrey's aggregate reached 449, after which Somerset put in two innings of 37 each, only one score out of twenty-two reaching double figures. It was a crushing defeat, the moral of which will be more apparent when Somerset has played two or three other counties. Meanwhile, up to the middle of the present week, the Surrey men have won every match this season, defeating the two counties which came next to them in the record of 1890.

The Summer Eights at Oxford and the Pairs at Cambridge

produced some famous sport, and a good deal of the unexpected happened both on the Isis and on the Cam. In the bumping races there was more shifting than any one had anticipated, though the head boats on the river generally managed to hold their relative positions, Brasenose and New rowing a spirited race every night. It was lower down that the shuffling occurred. The honours of the week, perhaps, belonged to Pembroke, who started second boat in the Second Division, and successively overhauled Merton, Queen's, Trinity, Corpus, and Keble, ending with a very respectable place in Division I. At Cambridge the two Blues, Elin and Francklyn, who had been considered safe enough beforehand, and who possibly had not trained as thoroughly as they did three years earlier, had to lower their colours to a couple of freshmen, Branson and Kerr, who may one day be Blues themselves. Branson is an old Bedford boy, and Kerr came up from Durham.

As one Englishman, not many weeks ago, wrested the palm for tennis from the French champion in his own country, so another of our compatriots has won first honours in an international bicycle race from Bordeaux to Paris. There were thirty-eight entries for this competition, which seems to have created a vast amount of interest in the cycling world at home and abroad. It was arranged by the Union Velocipédique of France, who had the satisfaction of seeing four English competitors take the first four places at the finish—Messrs. Mills, Holbein, Edge, and Bates. Mr. Mills had previously ridden his 273 miles in 24 hours, and had covered the 881 miles from John o'Groat's to Land's End in 5 days 1 hour 54 minutes. But the value of his victory last week is diminished by the fact that he changed his machine several times during the run.

#### THE WISDOM OF ABU BACARAH.

[THE words of Abu Bacarah the Wise,  
The Pandit of the all-beholding eyes,  
Redacted by disciples of the same,  
And entered in the Book of Sage Replies.

A true, particular, and full report,  
Save where the scribe has humbly cut it short,  
Or reverently burked the Master's words,  
For the avoidance of contempt of court.]

#### *He discourseth of gaming.*

The Prophet hath not said "Thou shalt not play."  
Have, then, thy flutter in a quiet way;  
Yet know, my son, there is a time and place—  
Not here, but there; hereafter, not to-day.

#### *He counselleth of the choice of playfellows.*

Choose well thy playmates; shun the too expert;  
With some thou shalt contend and take no hurt,  
However high thy venture: there be those  
With whom the Sage would gamble for his shirt.

Others there be who play to such a tune  
That it were madness of the summer moon  
To toss them, even in a Highland inn,  
For coppers, on a rainy afternoon.

#### *"The Sura of the Tables."*

My son, if thou must needs be punting, see  
Thou punt upon one table, not on three;  
Or if on three, then have them all alike,  
Nor let one higher than the others be.

#### *He reasoneth of playing "with the advantages."*

If to the fact thou wake—or seem to wake—  
That one in secret addeth to his stake,  
There are before thee courses two or more  
That thou may'st not dishonourably take.

To break the party up and go to bed;  
To stop it and suggest charades instead;  
Or, if thou should'st prefer it, there and then  
To tax him with the fraud and punch his head

All these are lawful: but to hold aloof  
And spy upon the guest beneath thy roof,  
Again to set the table, and to watch  
Until suspicion ripens into proof—

Far, far from thee be such unworthy arts,  
Whether thou mix with bouncers or with barts.  
Let not a public scandalized behold  
Hosts and detectives thus exchanging parts.









["Yet question of the duty of the host,  
Whether it lieth on his conscience most,"  
The commentator noteth "some have made,  
To shield who besting won or bested lost?"]

*Of Secrecy and Friendship.*

Safe shall thy secret be when shared with ten,  
My son, and only seven among them men?

Ay, if thou pack me up yon brood of chicks  
Once more in eggs beneath the sitting hen!

Wilt thou sell all that makes men care to live  
For any bargained price that men can give?

Nay, ask thyself, then, what they promise thee,  
Is it to stay the water in the sieve?

Take Friendship's counsel to thy heart to dwell,  
Yet not of Mind and Conscience cry "Expel!"

For Wisdom is not always Friendship's mate,  
And there be friends who slay thee—meaning well.

[The words of Abu Bacarah the Wise,  
Writ down by them who prayed him to advise;

Attested by the Master's signature,  
And entered in the Book of Sage Replies.]

## REVIEWS.

BAEDEKER BOWDLERIZED.\*

THE delightful old Master of the Charterhouse, Sir Robert Dallington, in his *Method of Travell*, counselled the Englishman abroad "to be neither inquisitive after other men's religion, nor prompt to discover his own." The standing terror of every parent who sent his son over the seas throughout the reigns of the Tudors and the Stuarts was the perversion of the young man to Popery. In Moryson's *Itinerary*, Bishop Hall's *Quo Vadis?* Francis Osborne's *Advice to his Son*, William Kiffin's *Memoirs*, and a whole host of other writings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, both Anglican and Puritan, this fear is uppermost, and the caution to shun disputes upon religion invariably occurs. The Quakers were the first English tourists on the Continent who boldly attempted to convert the Papists. The Puritan traveller was so afraid of being "seduced by Papists, or else murdered by them" that he did his utmost to keep out of their way.

The *Christian Traveller's Continental Handbook* is a modern *Itinerary* for the guidance of such Puritanical or Methodist Britons and Americans as are compelled, for the sake of health or business profits, to sojourn for a time in one of the unholy and Sabbath-breaking countries beyond sea. It has not been compiled, like a mediæval itinerary, for the use of pilgrims whose faces are set towards the ancient Jerusalem, but for those true Israelites who have left the modern Holy Land, and who compass sea and land to make proselytes, or to find out how and where proselytes are being made. There is a set of amiable fanatics who are convinced that Great Britain is Israel, and that the Prince of Wales, as the direct and legitimate heir of the throne of David, will some day be crowned in Jerusalem. Mr. Ashton seems to hold the same wild doctrine, although he gives it a spiritual interpretation and extends the privileges of Israel to all the evangelical sectarians of the United States of America. The Europe of "the Christian traveller" is not divided politically, but religiously. Mr. Ashton has omitted to give us a chart of it. But we have compiled one for ourselves from his pages, and we find that this "Continent" is made up of three States—a rationalist Egypt, a Popish Babylon, and the dear unconverted Jews. These three States are interpenetrated by a network of "Christian agencies," the reason or whose existence, which is somewhat costly, is the proselytizing of the natives to one or other of the English, Scottish, and American varieties of "evangelical" Sectarianism.

The ordinary traveller upon his arrival in Paris, Venice, Basel, Nuremberg, or Moscow, makes a carnal inquiry after picture-galleries, churches, libraries, or museums, or possibly even theatres. Hence he finds the worldly handbooks of Murray or Baedeker to be sufficient for his unregenerate demands. But Mr. Ashton's "Christian Traveller," upon his arrival in a city, takes it for granted that the whole city is given up to idolatry, infidelity, and Sabbath-breaking. The first question which he puts to the landlord, portier, or oberkellner naturally is: "What Christian agencies are at work here?" Although the landlord has probably stated in the prospectus of his hotel that *tous les cultes* are provided for within easy distance, if not within the hotel itself or its grounds, yet neither he nor his polyglot head-waiter, nor his omniscient hall-porter will be sufficient adepts in the shibboleth of the Anglo-American Sion to give an adequate

reply to the guest's question. The three poor blind foreigners know nothing about "the McCall Mission," and do not approve of the Salvation Army, and so dark are their minds that they fondly imagine a parish church to be a "Christian agency," although the idolatrous mass may be performed in one or a rationalist pastor may preach from the pulpit of another. Hence it is that Mr. Ashton, the Secretary of the Evangelical Continental Society, has been moved to supply what is lacking in all extant guide-books, and to compile a "Christian" supplement to the mere worldly handbooks of Murray and Baedeker. Mr. Ashton, like the latter, has his "star" for inns, by following which a truly converted tourist may escape the danger of lodging in a worldly hotel. Thus he will not only find in Ulm—whose wonderful cathedral is unmentioned by Mr. Ashton—"a Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, at 25 Herbruckstrasse," whose pastor, "the Rev. S. von Bohr [the surname is not a pun], speaks English," but also a "Christian hotel, near the station, in the Zeitbloomstrasse." Ulm has nothing else in it which Mr. Ashton can commend as worthy of the "Christian" traveller's attention. If he is in Basel, he will have a choice between two "Christian inns," one at "4 Nadelberg," and the other at "1 Stiftsgasse." If he goes into Canton Appenzell, he can lodge and board at "Heinrichsbach, a place of rest for Christians, director Pastor Wenger." We could tell him of two or three other places of like reputation, in which there are generally twenty women to one man. We would also give him the local Swiss designation for such places, which is descriptive rather than elegant. Sterne, in his sermon on the Prodigal Son, recommends travel, "because it takes us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers." We can assure all anxious aunts and grandmothers that, if they send their nephew or grandson to Heinrichsbach or Rütthubel, he will be as safe and as dull as if they kept him tied to their apron-strings.

It is deplorable to think that the thousands of hotels in Germany and Switzerland are nearly all Mohammedan, Jewish, Popish, Rationalist, Atheist, or Pagan hotels. Mr. Ashton, after the experience of five successive editions of his handbook, has only been able to discover some fourteen "Christian hotels" and "Christian inns" in these two countries. Hamburg and Magdeburg are uniquely blessed, for there are two "Christian hotels" in each of these cities. Danzig and Dresden have each one "Christian inn." Leipzig and Stuttgart are somewhat grander, for they have a "Christian hotel" apiece. The place at Leipzig does not call itself by the worldly name of hotel. It is known as the "Evangl. Hospiz," but Mr. Ashton assures the tourist that he will find it to be, in fact, "a Christian hotel of superior order." Holland is sadly defective. There does not appear to be one single "Christian" hotel or inn throughout the whole Protestant Netherlands. But in Amsterdam "the Christian traveller" will find that "bedrooms are to be had at the Young Men's Christian Association, Heerengracht."

It seems to be a peculiarity of the "Christian" hotels and inns upon the Continent to be known only by their street-number. Perhaps "the Christian traveller" of these latter days—like the innocent old Quaker traveller, John Woolman—has a suspicion that the "painted imagery" upon an inn-sign may be idolatrous and anti-Christian, and consequently prevent him from sleeping the sleep of the just. There is one exception to the rule, and so far as we can find, only one. The "Widder," in Zürich, is warranted by Mr. Ashton to be "a Christian hotel." But ought not the proprietor to change his sign, and call his hotel the "Schaf"?

Mr. Ashton's lists of the Professors in the University towns of Germany and Switzerland are far from complete. We presume that he thinks the Christian traveller need only know who are the very best and who are the very worst, for he divides the Professors whom he names into sheep and goats, marking the former "positif" and the latter "négatif." He is very anxious that his client should get into safe hands from the moment of disembarking from the steamer. If he lands at Boulogne he should at once inquire for Pasteur Meunier; if he lands at Dieppe he should go straight to Pasteur Hardy; if at Calais, he should seek out M. Bion, "évangéliste." The addresses of these gentlemen are supplied, and each of them will be ready to put the Christian traveller "in the track of the Evangelist." If he should land at Ostend, or Antwerp, or Rotterdam he will have to do without one of Mr. Ashton's registered safe guides. Calais is by far the best spot of the Sabbath-breaking Continent for the Christian traveller to go ashore, not merely because it is the shortest sea-route, nor because the sea makes no distinction between the stomach of a truly converted man and the stomach of a worldling, but because "Calais is one of the most interesting Evangelistic spheres at the present time."

The "Christian traveller" may in time grow weary of visiting the long series of Baptist Chapels, Wesleyan Chapels, "Salles d'Évangélisation, McCall Missions, the Brethren's Missions, Bible Society dépôts, Religious Tract Society dépôts, Jews' Society branches, "Faith Healing" institutes, Salvation Army settlements, foreign Sunday Schools, and the numerous other places of Evangelical dissipation so diligently catalogued for him by Mr. Ashton. He can then set out upon one of the edifying tours which are drawn up for him in skeleton form by Mr. Ashton after the model of the worldly tours compiled by Messrs. Cook and Gaze. If he is in France there is "The Tour in search of Huguenot Memories." If he is in Spain he can construct a tour for himself from Valladolid to Seville by the aid of Dr. Stoughton's *Memorias of the Spanish Reformers*, which the author recommends the

\* The *Christian Traveller's Continental Handbook*. Edited by the Rev. R. S. Ashton, B.A. Fifth edition, enlarged. London: Elliot Stock, 1891.

traveller to put into his trunk. If he is in Italy, he can follow "The Track of the Reformers," and, taking Dr. Stoughton's *Foot-prints of the Italian Reformers* as his guide to the places named for him by Mr. Ashton, he will "come again and again to places redolent of hallowed memories." "The city of Rome" is worth visiting for two reasons; first, because "it saw but little of the reform movement"; and, secondly, because "Luther went there a believer in the Pope, and left it an unbeliever." The greatest of all treats is to be found in Germany. The "Luther Tour," drawn up by Mr. Ashton, "embraces the principal places connected with the life of the great Reformer." The "Christian traveller," again taking with him a work by the infallible Dr. Stoughton—*Homes and Haunts of Luther*—should break his pilgrimage into twenty-three stations. The first station is Frankfurt, "where Luther is said to have slept on his way to Worms," and the last station is Oppenheim, where "Luther is said to have slept at the 'Ritter' Inn." The "Innocent abroad" will infer that Luther was a very sleepy man. Nuremberg is made one of the stations because "Luther passed through it once." Stuttgart is included in the "Luther Tour," though it is "not connected with Luther's history," on account of "its many Christian institutions."

It is assumed throughout this entertaining handbook that Christianity had a general beginning on the Continent in the sixteenth century, though there are many cities and towns, especially in France, wherein there was no Christianity until our own generation. When the "Christian traveller" is going by rail from Paris to Orleans, and turns to the helpful pages of Mr. Ashton, he will learn, to his horror, that Paganism survived in this dark district until the middle of our century. "This district," says Mr. Ashton, speaking of Limoges, "was first evangelized by Pasteurs Napoleon Roussel and L. Pilatte in 1843." The historical information supplied by this remarkable handbook will show the "Christian traveller" how little trust can be put in the fables of ecclesiastical historians. An ancient anti-Christian chronicler, who is called St. Gregory of Tours, pretended that there were Christian bishops and churches in Limoges in his own generation, and even as early as the third century; and he has stories to tell about a Bishop Ferreolus and a Bishop Martialis, "the confessor of the Lord," who presided over the holy congregation of Christ in "the district of Limoges" (*Lemovicinum*). The "Christian traveller" will be justly indignant against this Popish chronicler, who thus robbed MM. Roussel and Pilatte of their apostolic honour twelve centuries before they were born.

The handbook is not totally useless, at least for tourists in Protestant countries, for Mr. Ashton's sketches of the constitutions of the various Protestant Churches are concise and fairly correct, while the statistics are taken from the latest authorities. Every place is named in which there is an English chaplaincy, and the traveller is informed whether the chaplain is nominated by the unsound "S. P. G." or by the sound "C. and C. C. S." Mr. Ashton takes it for granted that a "Christian traveller" will not want to know anything about the ancient Eastern Church of the Slavonic lands, the Ottoman Empire, and Greece. The only provision made for religion in Bulgaria seems to be in the hands of the "American European-Turkey Mission" and the "American Methodist Episcopal Church," who have "729 Church-members" out of a population of 3,154,375. Roumania has "5 Baptist chapels and 250 members," 2 Lutheran churches, 1 London Jews' society, and 1 Bible dépôt. Poor Servia has nothing but a Bible dépôt.

#### NOVELS.\*

IN his story of the Indian Mutiny Mr. Forrest is at great pains not to fall away from a standard of scrupulous exactitude of narrative, such as becomes the conscientious eye-witness of historical events, yet is only too apt to involve the narrator in prolixity. A writer who deals with the real adventures of real people is only too likely, Mr. Forrest thinks, to let his story be "overpowered with incident." Instead of the writer dominating the events of the Indian Mutiny, he is sure to be dominated by them. Such is the gist of Mr. Forrest's somewhat apologetic concluding remarks. But this may be nothing more than an ingenious device by which it is sought to further emphasize the almost Defoe-like *vraisemblance* which undoubtedly characterizes *Eight Days*. Mr. Forrest, indeed, seems intent only upon assuring the reader that his story is not fiction at all. It does not seem to have occurred to him that fictitious events and persons may be so presented as to be "real" in a sense that realists seldom realize. He is much less concerned in exciting a passionate interest in the persons who figure in the exciting eight days of mutiny in Khizrabad than in investing a narrative of thick-

coming incidents with the admirable quality of actuality. "Real people" though they are, the gallant officers and civilians, the brave and beautiful ladies, whose fortunes are set forth with minute and precise chronicling of circumstance, are somewhat shadowy persons. Their hold upon us is by no means strong or sustained. It is in the recital of their sufferings, their fortitude, their perils and wanderings, that Mr. Forrest is most satisfactory. His method is that of the historian rather than that of the story-teller. His opening chapters are so minutely topographical that the want of a map of Khizrabad and its neighbourhood is likely to be seriously felt by the patient reader. Nothing, however, could be more effective than the impression of surprise and shock aroused by the account of the first outbreak of Sepoys—a mere bazaar riot it was thought to be—and the exciting incidents that succeed. Heroic acts and thrilling situations, such as the encounter of Mrs. Bilton and her daughters with the rioters at the bank, or the strategy of the cool-headed Major Fane at the arsenal, are depicted with excellent spirit. Of such stirring matters *Eight Days* is compact, and the patriot soul cannot fail to be abundantly gratified therewith.

In *Bertha's Earl* an ancient theme—the perils that attend on a *mésalliance*—is treated with much freshness and illustrative ingenuity by Lady Lindsay. Bertha is a lady artist who marries an earl. And still she is not happy, for the earl is a model nobleman, though a dry stick and the wrong side of fifty. In fact, the earl is not fair to see, and then he is so good, and so much in love, that when Bertha's young sister Aggie, being moved to test his passion, smears turpentine on the edge of his muffin what time he takes afternoon tea in the studio, the nobleman swallows the nauseous morsel with unblinking satisfaction. For this quaint child Bertha cherishes an affection that verges on idolatry, which, by an odd chance, very plausibly developed, leads to a very serious misunderstanding between Bertha and her earl, the foundation of which had, however, been previously designed by the malicious art of the earl's sister. Slight, in itself, is the anonymous letter that warns the earl of the existence of a young doctor who is a fervent admirer of the fair Bertha; but something like confirmation of his baseless jealousy is suggested to the husband when Bertha suddenly leaves her home and crosses the Channel in the company of the doctor, being called to Paris by a lying message to the effect that her sister is ill. The simple materials of this plot are worked to excellent artistic results by Lady Lindsay. The happy ending beloved of old-fashioned novel-readers is happily devised. By means that are anything but obvious, yet are cleverly evolved in a perfectly natural course of events, the enemy is confounded and truth triumphs.

*The Seal of Fate* belongs to the category of romance rather than to that of the novel. There is nothing, indeed, in the scheme of the story that can be said to be proper only to the domain of fancy beyond this world. But the atmosphere of the story is romantic, and romantic are the characteristics of the leading actors. The dominant idea, too, is one that is congenial to the poet, or the dramatist, rather than to the writer of fiction, and in *The Seal of Fate* it is felt as a brooding presence not to be denied, as a vague yet subtle foreshadowing of doom that slowly shapes itself to the tragic climax. The story, in fact, illustrates the mysterious force of destiny, working unseen, resistlessly, until innocent and guilty alike are involved in calamity. And, as in classic examples of the secret yet assured progress of destiny and the slow yet certain anger of the gods, there are circumstances of irony in the working out of the idea in *The Seal of Fate* that invest the impressive climax with its own appropriate mystery. The action of the story opens in Heidelberg, the society and students' life of which pleasant town form the staple of some excellent descriptive chapters. Here are two young men, bosom friends, students in brotherhood. One of these, the more active and adventurous, leaves Heidelberg for Paris, and the two do not again meet until his return, when he calls his friend to his death-bed, and confesses that he has taken poison in agreement with a compact he has made with an enemy in Paris by which the loser in a cast of the dice should put an end to his life at the expiration of a month. The name of the man who suggested this horrible substitute for the duel does not escape his lips; but his friend, taking the signet-ring from the dead man's hand, swears to be avenged. For a while, smitten with grief, this resolve is quenched in a Hamlet-like irresolution. But the catastrophe is not long postponed; and, when it arrives, the blow falls when life is bright with promise for him, and the days are rosy with feast and dance and the melodious sighs of happy lovers. By a fine stroke of irony, he is fated to find the enemy of his friend while he is not searching for him, and discovers him in the brother of his betrothed, though not before the chance sight of the ring has worked with deadly effect on the mind of the latter.

*My Face is My Fortune* is not wanting in that vivacious representation of men and women of the world which the experienced reader looks for when the author of *As in a Looking-Glass* has a hand in a story. It has been said that Mr. Philips delights in painting things as they are. So did that somewhat discredited philosopher, William Godwin. But Mr. Philips is absolutely devoid of the presumptions and prejudices of theory which so completely distorted the observation of the author of *Caleb Williams*. His "things as they are" are persuasive, tangible, brilliant in definition. If he is dominated by any passion, it is the laudable hatred of dulness. Nature does not more abhor a vacuum than does Mr. Philips, as a delineator of modern society,

\* *Eight Days*. By R. E. Forrest. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1891.

*Bertha's Earl*. By Lady Lindsay. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1891.

*The Seal of Fate*. By Lady Pollock and W. H. Pollock. London: Longmans & Co. 1891.

*My Face is My Fortune*. By F. C. Philips and Percy Fendall. 2 vols. London: White & Co. 1891.

*Two Masters*. By B. M. Croker. London: White & Co. 1891.

*Life, yet not Life*. By William Wakefield. London: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1891.



detest monotony. And his present partner, Mr. Fendall, shares his preference for the piquancy of contrast. To paint the triumphant ascension from the submerged of some dazzling creature, like La Belle Kouma, "the Pearl of Algiers," into the seventh heaven of wealth and social position, is a pure artistic joy to Messrs. Philips and Fendall. Glimpses we have in this story of circus life which sustain the sententious remark of the philosopher that there is much good in human nature everywhere. Certainly these glimpses of the life of the fair, the booth, and the show differ entirely from certain recent fictions which were put forth to a gullible public as "revelations." These show folk are really very pleasant. The lady dwarf, the Princess who prefers a man "with a natural gift" to a poor pianist—"a colosse, or a man with six fingers on each hand, or a man with no feet"—is a delightful person indeed. It is not surprising, nay, it is a beautiful and human circumstance, that La Belle Kouma should return to the profession, after the boredom and persecution that attend on her *début* in society as the wife of a rich Englishman, who vainly attempts to keep secret the truth as to her origin and original vocation.

Like *Thalaba*, though without the excuse of verse, *Two Masters* is a wild and wondrous tale, defiant of the very elastic doctrine of probabilities that controls the exuberant fancy of the modern novelists. There are some amusing passages, however, and some pleasant sketches of a decayed Irish family, the O'Briens of Billy Park, that form interludes of consolation and quiet breathing in the else too-breathless career of the melodrama. Among other startling episodes is one that relates to an unpalatable marriage which threatens the heroine, and is only avoided at the last moment by a most audacious yet perilous act. Miss Le Marchant is actually dressed for the ceremony when it occurs to her that she must fly to the unknown joys but sweet freedom of Billy Park. Her maid leaves her to meditate awhile, and with incredible swiftness the young lady relieves herself of her wedding garment, which fits her "like a glove," and is horribly stiff, dons humbler clothing, and hurriedly fills a travelling-bag. Then, though the house is full of people, she escapes to Euston. It does not appear that she cast one longing lingering look behind at the wedding-dress, which is left "standing alone" on the floor, "like an unbodied joy." It is only to be expected that fortune should deal with this reckless and impetuous young person in strange and preposterous ways, concerning which we can do no more than refer the young reader to Mr. Croker's diversified pages.

If the vagaries of *Two Masters* astonish the seasoned novel-reader, the crude extravagance of *Life, yet not Life* may well confound him. This is an Anglo-Indian story, from which everything that is peculiar to English life in India is rigidly excluded. There is a description of races, indeed, as racing is pursued in India. But it cannot be called a racy description. Then we have Thugs, and detectives, an abducted child, and a most miraculous villain, whose career is an insensate catalogue of purposeless crimes. A stupider specimen of the wicked Count does not exist in fiction. He appears or disappears, in odd disguises, with ridiculous inconsequence. He is altogether without method, as the story, of which he is the chief ornament, is a story without any visible design.

#### WAR.\*

THERE are few men—soldiers or civilians—who, not being students of the science of war, realize the enormous mass of the literature which has accumulated since the year 1870 on subjects directly connected with strategy and tactics. Those who watch events with intelligence may perhaps have been struck by the fact that there is a military article in almost every monthly magazine. But amidst the wrangling and turmoil of our parochial politics it escapes the notice of most men that the great war, which all agree will sooner or later have to be fought with rifles, guns, swords, and lances, is being daily foreshadowed by a bloodless intellectual contest between the advocates of this or that type of weapon, this or that system of tactics, this or that solution of great strategical problems. And yet, in an age which craves after realism, it is at least strange that the most realistic study which can be presented to the mind should not receive more general attention from cultivated men. For where more than in the events which precede a battle, or in the mingling of men and arms in a battle itself, can realistic writers find fitter subjects? Is our instinct scientific? it can be more than satisfied. Do we wish to observe the play of intellectual, moral, and physical forces in the human being under the stress of exceptional circumstances? The march, the bivouac, and the battlefield have furnished, and always will furnish (until the triumph of the Peace Society), stranger combinations of cowardice and heroism, fear and courage, meanness and greatness, selfishness and self-sacrifice, than appear in ordinary daily life. Are we artists? War is itself an art as well as a science; but it has also in all ages presented to the poet and the painter, the novelist and the historian, the realist and the idealist, subjects for their greatest triumphs. Are we patriots? If so, there can be no story that should occupy our attention more than the accurate relation of the events of great campaigns, and the

conclusions which the great practical soldiers of our day have derived from them. Are we sportsmen? Deer-stalking is tame beside a reconnaissance, and even such big game as rhinoceros has less power of injury than a *piou-piou* with a rifle or a Zulu with a spear. And yet the study of war in books is still regarded as unpractical, and the student is still described as a theoretical soldier.

Colonel Maurice in this book deals with this pernicious fallacy in a masterly way. While always dwelling on the fact that theory untested by practice remains theory only, he shows over and over again that those whom we might term the "theory-phobes" are themselves the mere blind followers of the theorists of a bygone epoch. They have in past times always been beaten when opposed to the practical student. Then they complain bitterly that their opponents have not played the game fairly, that they have not fought according to the fictitious "rules of war." All the great generals that the world has known have been remarkable as being students of the theory of war. To confine ourselves to two modern instances; Frederick the Great succeeded because he evolved a set of theories which were based on a practical knowledge of the shortcomings of the then existing theory-phobes. Napoleon succeeded exactly because he accurately gauged the possibilities of new departures in war, and thought out the problems involved in his theories in time of peace.

In truth, we have listened too long and too patiently to the cry of the old soldier that "the service is going to the dogs." It may be that the administration of the War Office is entirely inadequate to modern needs, and it is certain that our present organization does not produce big battalions. These are questions which we have dwelt upon in the past, and shall dwell upon in the future. But, bad as these things are, we are not sure that the waste of time involved in our present so-called practical methods of training is not as great an evil. It is at any rate certain that, if the theory-phobes had their way, whatever army we possess would be untrained and unready to meet a civilized enemy. The old-fashioned soldier regarded soldiering as a thing apart. The new-fashioned soldier regards it as a branch, or rather as several branches, of ordinary professional life. Intention to kill human beings is its only unique characteristic. Many men wear uniform, many shoot, many move in combination. The risk to a miner is greater than that to a soldier. The scientific attainments of the scientific branches of the service have placed their possessors at the head of great commercial undertakings. There is no reason why the same rules, founded on experience, should not apply to a soldier's career as to a civilian's. The present evil is, that a purely artificial standard of excellence has been set up—a standard which has no relation to actual needs. As our author points out, organization has now to be substituted for drill. This does not mean that men are to be less highly trained. On the contrary, their training must be more complete. But what it does mean is, that soldiers are to be trained in the things they will have to do instead of in the things they would have had to do thirty years ago.

It is a self-evident proposition that all specialized education should be adapted to teach the pupil the particular acquirements which he has to learn, in order to be successful in the pursuit which he intends to follow. No sane man would train a carpenter by teaching him to dig, or a painter by teaching him to chop wood. Why then should hours be wasted in teaching soldiers to do that which they will never have to do in war, when the precious time could be utilized with more interest and less irksomeness in teaching what they will have to do? The minutes and hours spent in stiffening out a guardsman's fingers on parade could be better spent in producing an instinctive habit of adjusting the sights of his rifle, and of aiming accurately at an objective. He will not fight with straight fingers, but he ought to aim well. The opponents of modern innovation beg the questions at issue when they speak of "loose drill" or "want of discipline," and use all the stock phrases which imply that the practice of modern fighting formations, without the practice of the old fighting formations, will reduce our battalions to chaotic mobs. They forget that the drill of their youth was invented in order to practise soldiers in the then method of attack; and they regard it as now possessing an inherent virtue, quite independent of its practical application. The most sincere imitation of former great military leaders would be to follow their principles, and not to reproduce the dead shell of the kernel which formed the fruit of their success.

The work we are noticing is a reproduction of the article on War which appeared in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It attracted considerable attention at the time, but was inaccessible to the ordinary reader as well as to the average military student. We, therefore, welcome its appearance in a handy form, easy to be purchased and read by soldiers and civilians. But it has also undergone alteration sufficient to bring it up to date, while the addition of an essay on modern military literature, and a critical list of the most important of modern military books, adds much to its value. The civilian reader who takes up any general work on military subjects is apt to be "choked off" by the mass of detail. Almost the only general work on military science in the English language is that of General Hamley. But this is large, and, though very broadly treated, is too long and too bulky for the ordinary reader; also in many matters it is not up to date. Tactical text-books are not the right sort of reading for the general educated public, as they aim chiefly at assisting unfortunate examinees. The young soldier

\* War. Reproduced with Amendments from the Article in the last Edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." By Colonel F. Maurice, R.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

is apt in perusing them to lose his sense of perspective and to fail, in his effort to master the ever-varying tactical details of his training, to grasp the big changes in modern warfare which involve those tactical variations. But here we have a book which combines the latest conclusions from the latest information as to the conduct of modern warfare, and which is, while so wide in treatment as to be delightful reading to all, at the same time so accurate as to be useful to the most thorough military student. It marks, in fact, by a broad summing up, the stage at which we have arrived, and will enable any person of decent intelligence to comprehend the existence of the vast problems which the next big war will assist to solve.

In a country like ours, where all military service is voluntary, general ignorance of the truth about war is a far greater evil than in those less fortunate lands where all must undergo a military training. For the real commander-in-chief of our army is the voter whose education has just taught him sufficient ignorance to fear personal service. He cannot realize what war means; he cannot understand that it is as necessary to sacrifice life to save an empire from destruction as to rescue a house from burning. He cannot understand that patriotism is a quality which is essential to national existence. So long as this ignorance exists on the part of the voter, so long will our army be too small for its needs, and so long will the necessity remain of having that army trained up to its utmost fighting power. But the requirements of that training will only be satisfied when educated men understand the elementary proposition that the training of a soldier in peace time has to be directly aimed to meet his use in war-time. To the axiom "Hit, hit, hit," should be added "March, march, march," and also, we think, "Advance, advance, advance." It is however certain that, if M.P.'s who have desires for the preservation of the Empire, and other persons of the same persuasion, would read this book and realize the lessons taught in it, we should be able to make our men and money go further and not fare less well.

#### HANDICRAFT IN WOOD.\*

AMONG the unfavourable symptoms which latter-day moral philosophers are disposed to perceive in our ethics and manners, there is one, at any rate, concerning which nothing whatever can be gainsaid. The value of work for its own sake is now everywhere understood, and the art-craftsman is rapidly regaining the position which he of old time held. It will not, moreover, be the fault of the publishers if any remain ignorant of the principles and methods of work in wood, and Mr. Hasluek's thoroughgoing little *Handybook* is amongst the most practical guides we have seen for beginners in cabinet-work. He starts with the sound principle that a craftsman must be able to make his own designs, and therefore has little to say on that head, contenting himself with describing the woods employed, the approved forms of benches, the sundry tools in their varied forms, and the processes for which they are used. As a help, however, to the amateur at his first step, he ends by telling him how to make a stool, a bracket-shelf, a hanging "what-not," a portable bookcase, and a tool-chest. The reader who is not familiar with the modern methods of working in wood will learn from this book what advantages there are in these days that the craftsman of old did not possess. Not to speak of the easily-wrought yellow pine, which has displaced the resinous and knotty wood that was formerly used for the inner parts of "carcase" furniture, there are many appliances, such as the American chuck-brace and the adjustable circular plane, which give wonderful facilities to the workman. We are not, indeed, sure that the removal of difficulties from his path will in the end prove an advantage to the handicraftsman, and, with the subdivision of labour, the facilities at his disposal may tend to militate against the artistic qualities of his work, which depend, if we may judge by the past, in no small degree upon the conflict with obstacles. This is a question, however, which need not greatly concern the amateur, for whom Mr. Hasluek chiefly writes. The little book is sound in its description of woods, and its author shows considerable knowledge of the growth of timber, and the relation of growth to the cabinetmaker's craft—as where, for example, he shows why veneer should be laid on the side opposite to the heart—and deals with the twisted grain of some pine-trees, which is occasionally so great as to make an entire circuit of the trunk from the ground to the lower branches. We read his chapter on veneering with a haunting dread that he had swallowed the moral difficulties of that question, but were relieved to find him making the reservation, "if veneering of any sort is allowed to be called correct work." In speaking of planes, he says, in technical language, that the edge of the tool is "the pattern which is copied in reverse on the wood"; but the planed surface can no more be called with correctness a copy than a footprint can be described as a copy of the foot that made it. There is truth in the remark that, in the methods by which pieces of wood have been and are joined together, there is an abundance of matter for curious study.

We fear that the hopes expressed by Mr. Schauer mann in the

\* *The Cabinet Worker's Handybook: a Practical Manual.* By Paul N. Hasluek. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son.

*Wood-carving in Practice and Theory as applied to Home Arts.* By François Louis Schauer mann. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

preliminary note to his book on Wood-carving will not be altogether fulfilled. Mr. Walter Crane has written a preface for him, and another writer appends thereto the opinion that, notwithstanding the difficulty of explaining technically the art in writing, our author has succeeded so well that, without personal instruction, it is possible to become proficient in wood-carving by the aid of his book. Great proficiency may, indeed, be attained without a master, and Mr. Schauer mann may provide some useful hints; but his descriptions of the work are exceedingly brief and ill-arranged, and they are written in a somewhat confusing style. He begins with the preparation of the wood and the grounding out, then harks back to the tools and the method of fixing the work, and then further to the wood itself, and then, to the reader's surprise, devotes three pages to general remarks and the finishing processes. The larger part of the book is devoted to the various styles, practical hints being given here and there; but we mark again a confused arrangement of the subject, and a very insufficient exposition of it. We come, moreover, upon strange, mysterious sentences, intended, we suppose, to be pithy expressions of a great deal, with which we cannot always agree. "The latter work"—Gothic, of which, however, Mr. Schauer mann has a warm appreciation—"is more fatiguing than the former"—Italian Renaissance. "Renaissance is for the decoration of rooms, dados, ceilings and fireplaces." "Baroque and Rococo styles for ceilings are very artistic." "Norman ornamentation about this time was quite different to (sic) what it is now." And what shall we say of the enigmatic remark, concerning which no explanation is given, that "beauty and ugliness spring from the same state of mind"? The book is filled with designs, which would have been more interesting if we had been informed from what source they are taken. Except in a few instances, we cannot tell whether they are from old examples or are Mr. Schauer mann's own. Many of them are very feeble—fig. 77, for example, which, though labelled "Early English," looks very much *fin de siècle*—and, wherever the human form occurs, it is ill drawn, while in the masks there is no sense of the grotesque. We must, however, accord to the author credit for his just feeling for the worth and dignity of his art and craft, his recommendation to the carver to make his own designs, to take his inspirations both from nature and the masters, and to embody his conceptions in clay before he essays to execute them with the chisel.

#### SOCIAL SCIENCE SERIES.\*

WE have more than once declined to associate ourselves with a very common critical complaint—that of the increase of "series." But we confess that we look with very considerable doubt on series which deal with wide, ill-defined, and contentious questions of politics. Some political series, such as Mr. Craik's "Citizen," undertaking to deal with sharply-defined subjects admitting of the conveyance of positive information, have done good; yet even in these the danger of the method applied to such matter has been indicated. In too many of the now rather numerous volumes of Messrs. Sonnenschein's "Social Science" series the mischief is rampant. And be it understood that we have not in the least in view the fact that many, if not most, of these volumes express a general view of politics which we think demonstrably unreasonable in theory and demonstrably mischievous in practice. We should look with very little, if with any, more favour on a series conducted in the same way from an entirely opposite point of view. For the great curse of politics, as it seems to us, is the looseness with which political matters are usually handled. It is perfectly true that almost any man not a born fool can acquire a very sufficient knowledge of politics, and the faculty of taking very sound views on political questions, if he will, and can, take the trouble. But the trouble is very considerable, and it is very rarely taken. You have only to listen to an ordinary political conversation, be it in a dining-room or a railway-carriage, be it between lords or lackeys, to see with how little preparation people air their political views. They will not give themselves the trouble to acquire, first, a thorough and intelligent knowledge of history, ancient and modern, English and foreign; and, secondly, the power of dealing with evidence, as evidence, so as to apply this knowledge to contemporary problems.

We do not think that they will be helped to acquire either of these good things by any of the books before us. We do not think it for more reasons than one, the first and best of which is that none of the writers seems to us to be possessed of these gifts himself. Mr. Stubbs's book is not new, though re-fashioned, and it is the work of an evidently honest and amiable enthusiast who, though he quotes the notorious Mr. Tuckwell, is clearly himself a very different kind of person. We sympathize with his motives and temper so much that we are tempted to overlook some blots in his arguments. At the same time, like every enthusiast ("sweet" or otherwise) who advocates land and labour experiments as anything else than an interesting and helpful supplement to labour at ordinary wages, he forgets certain things. The chief of which are these. (1) No peasant proprietary can afford in a

\* *Social Science Series.—The Land and the Labourers.* By C. W. Stubbs. *The Purse and the Conscience.* By H. M. Thompson. *The Evolution of Property.* By Paul Lafargue. *Crime and its Causes.* By W. D. Morrison. *Principles of State Interference.* By D. G. Ritchie. London: Sonnenschein, 1891.



Free-trade country to run the risk of selling produce and living on the proceeds in days when a rich harvest thousands of miles off may sink prices below even the cost of production. (2) No great manufacturing country can prevent the drain of unsuccessful, idle, ambitious, or merely restless labourers into the towns. If England were something quite different from what England is, Mr. Stubbs and his likes might do something. As it is, they have got the forces of nature against them, and though to the modern faddist the doctrine be like that pill whereof we hear in *Bel and the Dragon*, yet it remains true that the forces of nature always win.

Mr. Herbert Thompson, B.A., has chosen a title which suggests clap-trap, but his book is less offensive than his title. It has, however, some of those defects which have hitherto been more remarkable in philosophical than in general, in French than in English, literature. It is beautifully methodical. There is a syllabus at the beginning which ought to bribe the idle reviewer out of hand, and which must propitiate the most virtuous. Mr. Thompson is, moreover, a most well-intentioned person. He is sound on the great goose of the hour—the Socialist goose, surely the hugest that ever hissed—and on many other points. But when he informs us, with much reinforcement of capitals, that “commercial immorality requires, not reform, but COMPLETE REMOVAL; but this can only follow an ALTERATION of ETHICAL STANDARDS,” we seem to remember an ethical standard referred to by Mr. Thompson rather slightly elsewhere, which, if observed, will do the trick pretty completely. That standard is to be found in the Catechism of the Church of England. Furthermore, we cannot quite exempt Mr. Thompson from the curse of his fellows—the talking “easy and free” about the largest, the most disputed, and the most intricate subjects, as if he were appealing to the taste which can tell a strawberry from a sardine, and the sight which distinguishes a pumpkin from a portmanteau. He might have warned himself; he tells us frankly enough that the doctrines of the old economists (old, ancient fossils, some of whom died five years or so ago) have been given up; and it might occur to him that when you see the dead flower beside the living one it is a pretty broad hint that the living one will die too. But he does not take the warning.

No warning could have been present with any effect to M. Paul Lafargue, who, as “Fergus,” evolved property for the *Nouvelle Revue* in half a dozen articles. M. Lafargue figures this way and that way, hands across and down the middle, through all the facts of history, politics, economics, and what else, with the usual delightful nonchalance of a deductive Frenchman. The *Chanson de Roland* and the Sutherland evictions, matriarchy and guilds, the Song of Hybras and the works of Mr. Laurence Gomme—M. Lafargue huddles them all out with the bland omniscience which is only found in company with ignorance as bland. Add a wild hatred of the capitalist, a belief that “property is always ferocious,” and such a careful notion of investigating evidence that Karl Marx is cited as an authority for the above referred to wicked deeds of the Duchess of Sutherland, add also that M. Lafargue or his translator, by a chivalrous delicacy, is enabled to call Marie Antoinette “a royal courtesan,” and the character of *The Evolution of Property* may be guessed. Although the book is almost beneath contempt, it may do some harm to persons, perhaps more ignorant than M. Lafargue, and certainly more innocent.

It is satisfactory to turn from it to Mr. Morrison's volume, which, though we do not ourselves agree with all the author's views, is an example of the kind of book of this class which we defined above as permissible. Mr. Morrison is an expert—he has been a prison chaplain of long standing—and he deals with a subject which, though it is unluckily possible to talk much nonsense about it, can also be possibly treated in a scientific manner. To some extent, we think, Mr. Morrison refines a little too much; though of course he does not go to the lengths of the Italian school. When he says that we must ask “What is a criminal?” we confess that we should answer, “He is some one who has committed a crime,” and if he says “Yes; but what is a crime?” we should answer, “What the law says is one.” This is horribly old-fashioned, no doubt, but we are sure that it will pass the tests of logic, and we do not think it is likely to be improved on in the public interest. But we except Mr. Morrison altogether from our general condemnation of these books. He will give useful information as to facts, and nobody need agree with his opinions, which, after all, are always well informed and generally sensible and sound. In his remarks on the absence of any proved connexion between destitution and crime, and his caution against the sweeping generalizations of the Italians, he is very useful indeed.

But by far the most interesting and amusing book in our batch is Mr. D. G. Ritchie's. Mr. Ritchie is, we believe, to adopt a severity of accuracy in definition which in such matters is most important, what may be called an Early-middle-aged Oxford Don. In this phase of one of the most interesting of products (confined, as a just national and class pride may remark, to England alone among nations, and to Oxford and Cambridge men alone among Englishmen), the most interesting, if not the most amiable, characteristics of the type usually come out. None of the infallibility of the twenty-three-to-thirty-stage is lost; but very little of the mellowness which in fortunate cases characterizes the fifty-to-any-age-period is gained. Contempt for the past has not yet put on genuine sympathy with it; and belief in the future (and more especially in the present prophets of that future) has not become tempered by a kindly scepticism. There is something

majestic in the way in which Mr. Ritchie by turns “tells their fact,” sometimes with just admixture of praise, sometimes with ditto ditto of blame, to Mr. Spencer, Mr. Mill, Sir James Stephen, John Austin, the late Mr. T. H. Green, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Lord Pembroke, Hume, Locke, Hobbes, Rousseau, and almost everybody back to swart Moses by the Coptic Sea. There is something majestic, we say, always supposing that the swift mind does not double round on the other side of the matter and begin to perceive what is said frequently to lie close to the majestic. Of his own views Mr. Ritchie gives but glimpses, *obiter dicta* of doubtless important tendencies, but not sufficiently supported by argument or elucidation to lend themselves to criticism in their turn. We gather from these chary withdrawals of the veil that, in Mr. Ritchie's view, the foolish or wicked politicians of the past “favoured a few individuals at the cost of the mass of the people,” that he idolizes the majority, that he is all for compulsory education, that kings and queens are, in his view, “ornamental” (we think even “ornamental” is ironical), that “the purely legal mind cannot deal satisfactorily with problems of history and ethics” (as no doubt the purely clownish mind can), that anything that “would defend property in slaves” can only be fitly qualified by an !, that he has “a tear of sympathy for the martyrdom of peoples”; that “foolish maintenance of effete forms” is, look you, a most dreadful thing; and so forth. Now, if Mr. Ritchie had written a substantive book to expound these ideas, it would have given us the greatest pleasure to accord to him something like the treatment which he has meted out to poor Mr. Spencer and the rest. As it is, to criticize yet more scrappily his own scrappy criticism of heaven knows how many remarkable books and men would be of very little profit. But we have said enough to show that his own book is likely to be profitable to very few mortals, and we can hardly imagine one likely to be more mischievous to the dabbler or beginner in politics. If Mr. Ritchie ever was young (we mean nothing insulting by the supposition), he must have indulged in the wicked and shortsighted pastime of taking a kaleidoscope to pieces to see what produced the patterns. The result is rather a complimentary image of the effect which his desultory animadversions must necessarily produce on such a reader. To himself we daresay they fit in beautifully, so as to compose dazzling visions of the New Radicalism in which, as he gleefully quotes from T. H. Green, “the phrase ‘the education of a gentleman’ will have lost its meaning.” By the tolerably experienced political critic they may be composed into other visions, symmetrical enough, of the effect of the education of a gentleman on a mind not destitute of cleverness, but devoid of grasp and balance, with much of its intellectual acquirements undigested, and with passing fads and follies supplying the want of the aid conferred, and only conferred, by a systematic and thorough conception of politics and history.

#### ST. MARYLEBONE AND ST. PANCRAS.\*

THERE are, perhaps, no two parishes in the county of London adjoining each other, yet presenting so many strongly-marked contrasts, as St. Marylebone and St. Pancras. Except on its eastern border, St. Marylebone is thoroughly aristocratic; but there it is contaminated to a slight degree by its very plebeian neighbour. Its squares, though not the equals of Grosvenor Square and Belgrave Square, are full of fine houses inhabited by the upper ranks. Portman Square, not many years ago, boasted of three dukes among its inhabitants. Cavendish Square has, to a certain extent, been invaded by the doctors; but then they are doctors of the first class. The region round Cumberland Place is as fashionable as any in London; and its proximity to Hyde Park and the Marble Arch accounts for its popularity with people who can afford to be expensively lodged. This has been the case from the time when the public execution of criminals at the corner of Edgware Road was abolished—namely, in 1783. Since then buildings have rapidly multiplied; and few of the first buildings now survive intact, as, at intervals, finer and still finer houses have been erected. The face along Oxford Street, from Regent Circus to Quebec Street, comprises some of the most magnificent shops in the country; but Wigmore Street, if more retired, and Edgware Road, if more vulgar, are also full of plate-glass fronts, revealing stores of costly wares, such as no other town in England can show.

When we turn to St. Pancras, and cross the boundary which runs through the Zoological Gardens and the Middlesex Hospital, we find ourselves in a wholly different region. For palaces we have rows of very “respectable” villas, slums along the Canal, and a network of railways. The lanes of Lamb's Conduit Fields, with their squalid tenements, are in contrast to the sculptors' yards along the Euston Road, and Euston Square itself has adopted an *alias*, and is known to its inhabitants, if to no one else, as Endleigh Gardens.

Although St. Marylebone, then, is so much finer than St. Pancras, the number of remarkable architectural effects to be found in the poorer parish is far greater than in the richer. St. Mary's Church, a view of which forms the frontispiece of Mr. Clinch's handsome volume, is the only important public building in the parish, and is but a poor example, whereas St. Pancras can boast of its wonderful “Grecian” church; its old Norman church,

\* *St. Marylebone and St. Pancras*. By George Clinch. With numerous illustrations. London: Truslove & Shirley.

or what has not been restored away of it; the Midland Terminus Hotel—Scott's masterpiece; the really fine, if useless, portico of Euston Station; and the more modest front of the Great Northern platform, the first, and perhaps the last, attempt on the part of a modern architect to build for use, and let beauty take care of itself. A critic might contrast the red-brick hotel and the brown-brick station, and draw lessons in proportion, dignity, and style from them by the hour. The modern architect, if we may judge by the Midland Hotel, and by a hundred so-called Gothic churches, says to himself and to his pupils:—"Take care of the details, and let mass, and proportion, and meaning, and all such things take care of themselves; if your building turns out ugly, you can redeem it, if it is in Gothic by sticking it all over with bosses and panels of polished granite, if it is in Italian by covering it with vases." We have only to appeal as to the truth of this estimate to two of the most conspicuous buildings in London, the Midland Hotel in Gothic, and, in Italian, the new St. Thomas's Hospital with what Bombastes would have called its row of "gallipotted nostrums."

Mr. Clinch has access, at the British Museum, to all the illustrated Pennants and other collections of old London maps and views, as well as to that made by Crace; and his volume contains some very interesting maps of St. Marylebone, but none of St. Pancras—we cannot tell why. In his account of the manors of the Western parish he makes some slight errors, probably from a misapprehension as to the scope and history of manorial rights. On p. 3 the manor of Tyburn is described correctly from the Domesday Book; but Mr. Clinch has apparently failed to grasp the fact that this manor lay wholly on the left bank of the brook, and was the same which afterwards formed the Cavendish-Holles-Harley estate. He says, "About the year 1813 an exchange was effected for some lands in Sherwood Forest, valued at 40,000*l.*, and thus the Crown became again possessed of the manor of Marylebone." But Mr. Clinch himself tells us (on p. 6) that the manorial rights thus acquired were those over the common lands, which were afterwards made into Regent's Park; so that in all probability any manorial rights which survive in Tyburn belong to the heir of the late Duke of Portland, who inherited the estate from the Harleys. On a subsequent page (57) Mr. Clinch makes some mention of a second manor, that of Lileston, or Lylleston; but though he identifies the middle part of it with Lisson Grove, he omits St. John's Wood, the northern corner, and the Portman estate, the southern, both of which were included in the original undivided manor. That he is hopelessly "at sea" in this part of his subject is seen by his immediately harking back to Cavendish Square, and going on to notice Portman, Manchester, Bryanston, and the other squares of the district.

But the point evidently of most interest to the author is "Tyburn Tree," although he has not anything new to tell us about it. "The exact spot," he says, "upon which the gallows stood has been identified with the site of Connaught Place." This is rather vague. There are many good reasons to doubt if the gallows ever passed the borders of the parish of Tyburn or St. Marylebone. At the last, they used to be set up for every execution across the foot of Edgware Road, and still were probably within the parish. The "New Inn," where the timbers were kept, is still in that street, and on the St. Marylebone side of it. Among the fields, on what is now the Portman estate, in 1512, enumerated in the lease granted by the Lord Prior of St. John to John and Johan Blennerhasset, were a "Great Gibbet Field" and a "Little Gibbet Field," neither of which can have been on the site now covered by Connaught Place, which is in the parish of Paddington. When the late Mr. Beresford Hope was building Arklow House he found a single bone, pronounced by some good judges to be human; but various writers multiplied this single doubtful discovery into "a cartload of bones," and "several skeletons of malefactors." Thus does a lie grow and magnify itself, and ultimately prevail. "In 1783," says Mr. Clinch, "when Tyburn ceased to be the place of execution, the gallows was purchased by a carpenter, and converted into stands for beer-butts, in the cellars of a public-house in Adam Street, called the Carpenters' Arms." Mr. Clinch enumerates the most eminent hangmen. Derrick, in the reign of James I., is the earliest whose name has survived. After him came Gregory Brandon, who, "it is said, had arms conferred to him by the College of Heralds, and became an esquire by virtue of his office," says Mr. Clinch, with a provoking looseness; why could he not have verified the alleged grant, or else have let it alone? John Ketch, the most famous of hangmen, succeeded in 1684.

Among the odd scraps of information which Mr. Clinch throws together at the end of his account of St. Marylebone, the following are of interest. "Horatia Nelson" was baptized in the little old church which is still standing behind the new one, in 1803. "It was intended by her friends that the first should have been the Christian, and the latter the surname." The entry presents the peculiarity of a child regularly baptized, and registered without the name of either father or mother. Edward Gibbon wrote part of *The Decline and Fall* in Bentinck Street. Faraday lived at 2 Blandford Street. Thomas Hood wrote the "Song of the Shirt" at 17 Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood. Mrs. Browning wrote "The Cry of the Children" at 50 Wimpole Street. William Pitt lived at 14 York Place, Baker Street, from 1802 to 1806.

The manorial estates of the canons of St. Paul's, which lie within the parish of St. Pancras, are enumerated by Mr. Clinch, who, however, is in error as to Rugmere, or Ruggemere, as he prefers to write it. He says that its exact situation is not known. But Rugmere was certainly the modern Bloomsbury and St. Giles's, and Mr. Clinch, who has written the history of both, ought to have the least doubt on the subject. Rugmere was no part of St. Pancras. There are some very interesting notes on the old church and the adjoining cemetery. Mr. Clinch observes, somewhat strangely, "The exact date when St. Pancras became a parish, with defined boundaries, has not been ascertained." It has not; and the remark is true about St. John's, Tyburn, now St. Marylebone, and about Kensington, and Fulham, and Islington, and St. Andrew's, and, in short, about any and every old parish in London and elsewhere. The churchyard was for many years noted as the burial-place of such Roman Catholics as died in London and its vicinity. Mr. Clinch repeats many of the curious legends invented to account for this fact; he offers, however, a much better explanation. "Since the French Revolution a large number of clergy and other refugees, some of them of high rank, made their residence at St. Pancras. It has been computed that on the average thirty, probably of the French clergy, were annually buried at St. Pancras in the early part of the present century. In 1801 the number of French refugees buried there was 41; in 1802, 32." In the last chapter Mr. Clinch gives an interesting list of eminent inhabitants. Frank Buckland lived in Albany Street, where his house was described by his friends as "the Junior Zoo." The house was No. 34 when he lived in it; but the local society for obliterating historical associations has renumbered it 37. John Leech lived in Brunswick Square for ten years. Charles Darwin's London headquarters were long in Gower Street, at No. 110. Thackeray wrote his *Paris Sketch-Book* at 13 Great Coram Street. Samuel Warren wrote *Ten Thousand a Year* at 35 Woburn Place. The volume ends with a good index.

## BUBASTIS.\*

THE mounds at Zagazig are familiar to almost everyone who has paid a visit, however transitory, to Egypt. They have long been known to mark the site of an ancient city, which stood at this convenient junction of the main road northward through the Delta with the main road eastward through the Wady Tumilat, to the Asiatic frontier. The Arab name, Tel Basta, is more than a mere tradition; and Egyptologists have, no doubt, been right in looking upon these vast black heaps of crude brick as the remains of a city celebrated for the worship of the sacred cat, Bast, "the lady of the white crown, the mighty, the queen of the sky." It was here, as Herodotus tells us, that "being assembled and gathered together at Bubastis, they honoured the feast day with principlal solemnity, making large offerings to Diana, wherein was greater expence and effusion of grape wine then all the years besides." Here the goddess was worshipped in her milder and more propitious aspects; but Bast had her moods when she was represented as a lioness raging, and called "Sekhet"—even as we read in a hieroglyphic text at Philæ: "She is furious as Sekhet, and she is appeased as Bast." This capricious divinity seems to have had her representative also at Memphis, where she was the wife of Ptah; but at Zagazig, according to M. Naville, she formed one of a triad composed besides of Tum and Mahes; but we fail to see how he connects her with Bes, a warlike divinity of the East. The similarity of names is not enough; and as to triads, they were reduced to absurdity by the late Dr. Birch, who apparently recognized a triad in any number of associated gods and goddesses. In any case the triads belong to the later period of Egyptian mythology. What chiefly strikes the modern traveller at Zagazig is the apparently inexhaustible supply of bronze and wooden figures of cats, and of little bronze boxes, or coffers, or coffins, containing little mummied kittens, which are brought in for sale by the Arabs who dig in the mounds for mould. It would seem as if in every house in ancient Bubastis the family preserved such relics, and that possibly these kittens were the offspring of the Lady of the White Crown herself, and were sold by the priests to such of the laity as would buy, for the decoration or consecration of their domestic altars. Sometimes a magnificent statue, the size of life, cast hollow, contains the whole mummy of a large cat. Can this be the Lady herself, and did the priests put her to death at intervals that they might sell her embalmed body, and might participate in the largesse put into circulation at the inauguration of her successor? It is known that Apis, when he had lived and been worshipped for a quarter of a century, was quietly assisted into another world, while his body was buried in the great vaults of the sacred bulls at Sakkara.

M. Naville has now been digging for some time at Bubastis, without, it must be confessed, any great energy or any remarkable success. He claims to have found relics of a temple co-eval with the pyramid period; but, as we venture to think, this claim is not supported by the evidence he adduces. He found the names of Khufu, Khafra, and Pepi at Bubastis, as Mr. Petrie found similar early names at San. But Mr. Petrie very judiciously suggested that in a region like that in which San or Tel Basta stands, where there is not a morsel of local stone above the

\* *Bubastis* (1887-1889). By Edouard Naville. The Eighth Memoir of the Egypt Exploration Fund. London: Kegan Paul. 1891.



surface of the alluvial soil of the Delta, it would be unsafe to argue from the presence of an early king's name that the King himself had built on the spot. On the contrary, he thought it more likely that stones from an older building were floated down from Upper Egypt, and that some of them bore ancient cartouches. When M. Naville, noticing Mr. Petrie's opinion, adds, "Every doubt in this respect seems to be removed since Pepi's name has been found at Bubastis," we fail to follow him. It is rash for any Egyptologist to put his opinion against that of Mr. Petrie; and we can easily show that in doing so M. Naville has travelled very considerably beyond the four corners of his brief. Isolated stones, bearing ancient names, are, in a place like Tel Basta, no proof that buildings of corresponding age existed there, unless some remnant, however fragmentary, of such a building existed. But M. Naville has found none, so far. If one cartouche travelled all the way to San, it stands to reason that half a dozen may have found their way to Bubastis, which is so much nearer the quarries. But, apart from the proof afforded by the appearance and position of the early-sculptured blocks discovered by M. Naville, he himself offers us an example of a different kind, which, if he had perceived it, would have been enough to settle the question. He found, he tells us, an object for which he cannot account; and, on his theory, as propounded above, we are not surprised. Mr. Petrie's theory will fit both sets of circumstances; M. Naville's will only partially fit one set, and the other not at all. The object which puzzled him is a "false portal" such as is very common at Sakkara and Gizeh, and wherever tombs of the early period are to be found. "I cannot account," says M. Naville, "for a monument of this kind, which has nearly always a funeral character"—we should have left out "nearly"—"being in a temple which never seems to have been used as a tomb." A clergyman walking in his garden in Somersetshire picked up a tessera, of glass gilt, among the small stones. There were no Roman remains in the neighbourhood, and the walk had been recently gravelled. An antiquary of M. Naville's school might have concluded that the rectory stood on the site of an ancient villa; but when it was found that the gravel came from a well-known Roman site many miles off the puzzle was considered at an end. If M. Naville will accept Mr. Petrie's views—and Mr. Petrie's views are accepted with little question by the Egyptological world—he will find nothing unaccountable in the presence either of a Sakkara tombstone or a Gizeh cartouche among the broken stones of Tel Basta.

As to another matter in which, according to our French critics, English travellers are more interested than in the mummies of Dayr al Bahari or the sculptures of the pyramid period—namely, the reigns of the Hyksos Kings—M. Naville has a good deal to say. Every one remembers the account quoted by Josephus from Manetho, in which are details of the reigns of "an ignoble race, who audaciously invaded the land," and whose names are given as Salatis and Beon, Apachnas and Apophis, Ianias and Assis. Very similar names are given by Africanus; and there is no substantial difference in the number of years during which, according to the different authorities, they ruled in Egypt. Mariette discovered remains of their period, and a large hall is set apart at the new Gizeh Museum for sphinxes and other curious statues which bear or bore the cartouches of the foreign Kings. The name which most frequently occurs is that of Apophis, in its hieroglyphic form, Apepi, and it has been found in several places at Bubastis. There is also a broken statue on which are two cartouches of another Hyksos King, about whose name there was some conflict of opinion last year. Mr. Petrie would identify him with Ianias. If the first sign in the oval is, as M. Naville contends, the figure of Ra, the matter drops; but if Mr. Petrie is right—and here again, from the evidence of scarabs, we are inclined to go with him—the first sign answers exactly to a Greek  $\chi$ , and might spell the name "Khian" which, philologically, is quite near enough for identification to Ianias. With regard to the monuments, M. Naville is in agreement with Mariette that the curious black granite figures at the Gizeh Museum and those he has now unearthed at Tel Basta belong to a Hyksos dynasty. He has also found monuments of the eighteenth dynasty, which, for some reason, are rare in the Delta. Of the nineteenth dynasty the remains were abundant. M. Naville is at the pains of building up a kind of history of the family of Rameses II. It is well known that Merenptah, his successor, the probable Pharaoh of the Exodus, was not the eldest son; and it is probable that a great many of the princes of the family died before their father. Kha-em-uas, the eldest, held all the great royal sacerdotal offices, and at his death was buried among the sacred bulls at Sakikara. M. Naville oddly speaks as if, being a priest, he was excluded from the succession, a perfectly gratuitous assumption, which will not bear a moment's examination. Why was not Rameses himself excluded from the succession? We first see him as a boy at Abydos, performing pontifical functions. The dynasty of priest-kings, the twenty-first, left no monuments at Bubastis, but the twenty-second left large traces, and seems to have made the place one of great importance. Osorkon I. and Osorkon II. built much, and appear to have found the temple in a ruinous state and to have restored it. They were specially devoted to the worship of the Sacred Cat, who had been temporarily eclipsed in popularity by Amen Ra, of Thebes. The Osorkons, in M. Naville's opinion, established the cemetery of the cats. Standing on the western side of the great mound, the visitor sees between him and the modern town of Zagazig, a wide region, well dug

over by the fellaheen. "There they found the numerous bronze cats which fill the shops of the dealers at Cairo." M. Naville himself found a bronze figure "representing Bast standing, under the form of a woman, with a slender body and a cat's head, wearing a long dress and holding a sistrum and a basket, and having at her feet four crouching kittens." He also found remains of a little animal, a kind of ichneumon, common in South Africa, which appears to have been domesticated and worshipped as in some way a satellite of the great Bast herself. M. Naville found further remains of the Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth Dynasties, and of the Greek and Roman periods, and is of opinion that nothing more is to be discovered. The illustrations are particularly clear and good, and the whole volume, although we have ventured to differ in places with the author, adds a new interest to the journey from Ismailia to Cairo.

#### THE POETS AND THE POETRY OF THE CENTURY.\*

THESE two volumes are an instalment of a work that, in the words of the preface, "aims at being an encyclopedia of modern poetry, covering the area of Great Britain and the limits of the nineteenth century." We cannot suppose that Mr. Miles deliberately purposed to exclude Ireland; we perceive, in fact, that a future volume will include Moore; and therefore, assuming that the area really signified is that of the United Kingdom or the British Isles, we pass on to matters of substance, and note that at this stage our judgment must to a considerable extent be provisional. For one of these two volumes, beginning with Crabbe, is the first of the series in point of time; the other, ending with Mr. Robert Buchanan, is one of the latest. But we cannot find anywhere in the book, so far, a definite statement of the relation of these two volumes to the whole, and we collect from the preface that there will be a certain amount of grouping by subjects outside the general chronological arrangement. There are to be ten volumes altogether, of which we have two here. Two others are to contain selections ranging from Southey to Shelley, and from Keats to Lord Houghton. Yet other two, it seems, or perhaps three, are to be given to special groups of society verses, sacred poetry, and poetry written by women; this last classification is doubtless founded on some more exquisite reason than a mere survival of masculine superstition, but Mr. Miles's opinion of "the poetess being a development of the period" may go near to be accounted a superstition not much more respectable than the old one. However that may be, three or four volumes remain at present as blank forms without any assigned contents. Inasmuch as the merit of an anthology consists not only in due selection from each author, but in the due adjustment of the claims of different authors, it is clear that no opinion now pronounced can be final. To take one case, we find in the first volume twenty pages of Rogers. In itself this may well be a fair and reasonable sample. Still we cannot feel quite sure that Rogers, having regard to the scale of the whole work, has not got more or less than his due, until we know what space will be allowed to Campbell in a volume yet to come. So, when we come to our own times, the late Mr. Thomas Ashe was doubtless an estimable verse-writer. We are just a little inclined to think that Mr. Miles has over-estimated him. But we must wait till we know how it fares with Clough and with James Thomson.

We understand Mr. Miles not to have apportioned the bulk of extracts at all strictly to the renown of the authors, but rather to have magnified the share of the minor poets who are not so likely to be read elsewhere, or in some cases are practically unknown to the majority of readers. This, we think, is a wise course; our only doubt is whether it might not have been more boldly carried out. A hundred and fifteen pages of Wordsworth is much for a selection, though not enough for adequate knowledge of Wordsworth. Still we can hardly quarrel with this when Crabbe gets all but seventy pages; and we wholly approve of Crabbe having so many pages, for the simple reason that modern readers will not read his poems at large. Of course one may have stumbled on Crabbe in a school library or in a country house and read him by accident, as one may have read every word of Southey's *Curse of Kehama*; but living persons who have done either are distinguished, if the smallness of a minority confers distinction; and if we exclude persons over forty years of age the remainder will be very distinguished indeed. Again, it was clearly right to give Crabbe more space than Rogers. Both may be said to have lived for many years at the mercy of anthologists. Crabbe, however, was a poet with both will and power to say something distinctly his own, while Rogers is hardly more than a tide-gauge conveniently certifying what was the recognized high level of respectable verse in the early part of the century. The selection from Blake is not large, but we do not dissent, Blake's poems being now easily accessible. We think however that "The Garden of Love," from "Songs of Experience," should have been added. It is short, and perhaps more characteristic of one side of Blake than any other equally short piece.

As to the other volume, ultimately to be the sixth, which contains mostly the work of poets still living, we cannot form a decided opinion of the editor's judgment until we know for certain

\* *The Poets and the Poetry of the Century.* Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Vols. I. and VI. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1891.

what other living and recent writers of verse will be passed over; such as, to name one in each class, P. S. Worsley and the present Lord Lytton. Neither is it worth while to scan too narrowly the style and taste of the prose introductions, which by the necessity of the case are various. Mr. J. A. Symonds can afford to smile when he is described, with the most friendly of intentions, as a person whose intellect was formed by the late Professor Conington, and who since he became a pulmonary invalid has taken to writing Alexandrian poetry. When we come to such names as those of Mr. William Morris and Mr. Swinburne, we are confronted with a real difficulty of selection; for Mr. Morris and Mr. Swinburne, unlike enough otherwise, agree in having produced very little that is distinctly below the level of their best work. Probably no two readers would choose alike. If the choosing had been ours, we should have taken something less of *The Earthly Paradise* and a good deal more of *Sigurd the Volsung*. And in Mr. Swinburne's work we should certainly have given a larger share to *Songs before Sunrise*; nor can we understand how the exclusion of the opening chorus of *Atalanta in Calydon* is justified. It may be said, no doubt, that people ought to search the books of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. William Morris for themselves, and it only serves them right if they miss many of the finest things by putting their trust in anthologies. And that is precisely our opinion; which, not being committed to editing anthologies, we are free to maintain. But when a man does edit an anthology, and professes moreover to make it an encyclopædia of modern poetry, he is bound to do the best for his customers. He must be taken to have decided that the thing is worth doing, and capable of being adequately done. Still he must depend largely on his conditors; and we must allow for a certain inequality, and be content if the execution is good enough on the average to make the work useful. The real use of such a book, in our opinion, is rather to sample the less-known poets than to give us yet another copy of our favourite pieces. For that purpose we think Mr. Miles's volumes ought to suffice. We could indeed wish publishers and editors to be more clearly aware that there are different sorts of anthologies. The pure enjoyment of poetry is one thing, the historical study of poetic literature is another. One or the other must prevail, and the editor should make up his mind which it is to be. But Mr. Miles, living in a land of compromise, has probably done as well in the main as the conditions would let him.

#### CARDINAL BEATON.\*

AMONG churchmen who have been famous as politicians Cardinal Beaton has a right to a high place both for ability and courage. That this is scarcely recognized as fully as his career demands is due to more causes than one. His country was of no great account in European affairs, and therefore, though he made the most of such importance as it had, his name does not fill so large a space in the page of history as would have been the case had he been the Minister of a powerful State. Nor could he use even such strength as Scotland then had; for the land was divided against itself, and the political position was perpetually changing according to the enmities or combinations of a handful of nobles as greedy and unprincipled as they were, for the most part, incompetent. In spite of these drawbacks, Beaton foiled the attempts of Henry VIII. against Scotland, and so lengthened the period of his country's separate national existence, and he succeeded in delaying, though only for a little while, the overthrow of the old ecclesiastical order. Yet his successes have, perhaps, been lessened to posterity by the subsequent union of the Crowns of England and Scotland, and by the earlier conversion of Scotland to the religion of Calvin. Lastly, his proper fame as a statesman is obscured by the record of his persecution of heretics; he is remembered less as the antagonist of Henry VIII. than as the judge who sent Wishart to the stake. In the volume before us, the Rev. J. Herkless gives the Cardinal his rightful place in history, both as the statesman who defeated the attempts of Henry against Scottish independence, and as the defender of the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland. While Beaton's work in Church and State can be traced clearly enough, the materials for his life are scanty. Mr. Herkless might, we think, have made more of them than he has done here; might have gathered from scattered notices more about Beaton's character and habits, and have given his readers a more distinct idea of the man himself. His treatment of the Cardinal's political career, however, is generally excellent; indeed the only point in it that seems to us open to objection is that he represents Beaton as a patriot. This is going too far. We are unable to trace any signs of self-devotion in Beaton; he simply carried out, with admirable skill and complete unscrupulousness, the policy dictated to him by his position as successor to his uncle, James Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, and as a prince of the Roman Church.

Mr. Herkless begins his narrative with the events which followed the battle of Flodden, ten years before David Beaton received his first preferment in Scotland. For five years before he joined his uncle at St. Andrews he had been employed as "Scottish resident at the Court of France." Nothing is known either of his life in Paris or, save the places where he received his education, of his earlier years. The circumstances of his return to Scotland, which took

place soon after the departure of the incompetent Albany, and the accomplishment of Henry's plan for the "erection" of the young King James V., point clearly to his having been sent for to assist in opposing Henry's intrigues in Scotland. He counteracted them by renewing the ancient Scottish policy of alliance with France, with this difference, that, whereas in older times the alliance had rested on a purely political basis, Beaton was the chief agent in introducing into it a new element; under his direction the alliance was to protect the interests of the Church, and to defeat the designs of Henry, as the rebel against papal authority, no less than as the enemy of Scotland. He assisted in negotiating the King's marriage with Mary of Guise, and to the day of his death he and the Queen "were zealous alike in their opposition to England, their favour of France, and their support of the Catholic Church." Although Beaton's hope that an attack would be made on England by a Catholic League was frustrated, he was strong enough to foil Henry's attempts to procure his removal from the Scottish Council, and was able to keep James from meeting the English King, who was anxious to persuade his nephew to follow his example by rejecting the supremacy of the Pope, and suppressing the religious houses. After James's death he had to contend at home against both Arran, who, though not inclined to be politically subservient to Henry, was desirous of religious reformation, and Angus and the lords of the English party. The return of Angus and the prisoners taken at Solway was followed by the startling and rather obscure incident of Beaton's imprisonment. It was, as Mr. Herkless points out, a false move on the part of his enemies; both the clergy and the people were offended at it, and Arran, who was appointed Governor of the Kingdom, found it necessary to connive at the Cardinal's liberation. What he had most to fear was that Arran, who was thoroughly unstable, would join the English party; and we have here a careful account of how Henry and the Cardinal alike tried to win him over. Beaton's efforts seemed in vain; and the treaties with England were already signed, when Arran suddenly veered round, renounced Lutheranism, and was reconciled to the Cardinal.

It would be a mistake to view Beaton's ecclesiastical doings apart from his political position. As the opponent of Henry, and as the chief agent in seeking for his country the support of France and the Catholic Powers, not less than as the Primate of Scotland and a Cardinal, he was ready to maintain the cause of the Church against all assailants. On him, above all other men, lay the obligation of keeping his country faithful to the Roman obedience, and no one else had so deep a personal interest in the success of his work. It was for this reason that he was made a cardinal, and he desired to be appointed legate, partly, of course, to gratify his ambition, but partly also because the possession of the legatine office would make it easier for him to extirpate heresy. In this matter he certainly showed no slackness. Nevertheless, though Henry's design of introducing his new ecclesiastical system into Scotland failed, the number of Lutherans increased largely during Beaton's primacy. When he was at last appointed legate, he struck at the foremost of the Protestant preachers, George Wishart, the companion of men who were plotting against his life, and haggling about the reward they were to receive for their crime from the English King. There can, indeed, be no reasonable doubt, as Mr. Herkless clearly shows, that Wishart was more than a companion of these men; that he was their emissary and fellow-conspirator; for he must almost certainly be identified with the Wishart who, after an interview with Henry VIII., brought them the assurance that, if they slew the Cardinal, they would find protection in England. Whether Henry set on the men who actually assassinated the Cardinal cannot now be determined. Beaton had many bitter enemies in Scotland, and the Leslies had a private grudge against him. Here and there Mr. Herkless writes rather loosely. We think that he would find it hard to prove that Edward I. had recourse to fraud in order to obtain the acknowledgment of his overlordship, or that he would have lost anything by giving a different decision as regards the right to the crown; for Bruce acknowledged him as lord superior of the kingdom in the amplest possible terms. The policy of Wolsey at the time of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" is not satisfactorily represented, and it is rather hard on him to say that he was husbanding his money for his own purposes in a year in which, according to Henry's admission, he had spent 10,000*l.* in the public service. We were certainly rather startled at finding the successes of the Turks against the Archduke Ferdinand, in 1541, described as "the Spanish loss of Hungary"; but that is nothing compared to the announcement that "Henry sent Fisher to the stake." These matters, however, lie off Mr. Herkless's main subject. As far as that is concerned, his work is carefully done.

#### CLASSICAL ANTIQUITIES.\*

A FEW months ago we reviewed the first volume of this long expected Dictionary, of which the second and concluding volume has now appeared. In some respects this volume is decidedly superior to the first. It bears marks of more careful

\* *Cardinal Beaton, Priest and Politician.* By John Herkless, Minister of Tannadice. With a Portrait. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

\* *A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.* Edited by William Smith, LL.D., William Wayte, M.A., and G. E. Marindin, M.A. Vol. II. London: Murray.



editing, and contains an even larger proportion of really excellent articles than are contained in vol. i. It has also the great advantage of being in the main a work of more recent date, less time having elapsed between the writing of the various articles and their publication. Hence, as a rule, the information given is brought up to more recent standards of knowledge than is the case in the former volume. Even the newly discovered treatise of Aristotle on the *Athenian Constitution* has been made use of in a very interesting and useful appendix to the present volume, in which are tabulated all the points in which previously received theories and opinions on a large number of political matters are corrected or illustrated by statements in the new-found treatise.

Among the many valuable articles in this volume, we may note the following as being of especial excellence:—"Mensura," by Professor Ridgway; "Oraculum," by J. R. Mozley; "Pontifex," by Professor Wilkins; "Senatus," by Professor Pelham; "Theatrum," by Professor Jebb; and "Thesmophoria," by Mr. L. C. Purser. Mr. W. Warde Fowler, the sub-Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, has contributed a number of very important and learned articles on religious matters; as, for example, "Sacrificium," "Sacerdos," "Vestales." All that Mr. Warde Fowler writes on this class of subjects is illustrated by the widest range of reading, not only in classical writings, but also among the folk-lore of different races at an early stage of their development. Like Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. A. G. Frazer, Mr. Warde Fowler fully realizes the importance of studying the beliefs and customs of savage races as a means of explaining many difficult problems with regard to the strange ritual and myths of pre-historic times; a method which throws fresh light and gives much additional interest to what was formerly a somewhat dull and unsatisfactory line of study. The articles on more purely archaeological subjects in the second volume are on the whole superior to those in the first part of this Dictionary. The following are among the most noticeable, both for the quantity and the quality of the matter they contain:—"Pictura," by Mr. Cecil Smith; "Sculptura," or gem-engraving, by Mr. A. H. Smith; "Templum," by Professor Middleton; "Statuaria ars," by Mr. E. A. Gardner, and "Vas," Greek pottery generally, by Mr. H. A. Tubbs. A great deal of excellent work is contributed by Mr. G. E. Marindin, one of the editors of this Dictionary, on a variety of subjects; and Professor Percy Gardner has again written several short but able articles on numismatic subjects. A large number of other articles of very high merit by many other writers combine to make this volume one of great value to all students of classical learning, whether literary or archaeological. A mere list of their titles would occupy several pages, and we can, therefore, only mention a few selected almost at random from the general mass of this bulky work.

As in the first volume of this Dictionary, the weak point here is the inadequacy and the inferior quality of the illustrations. Some, such as the so-called "reliefs" given at pp. 311 and 748, and the section of the great beehive tomb at Mycenæ on p. 644, are ludicrously bad and misleading. In the last-mentioned illustration the grave blunder is made of figuring the circular tomb as being 147' 6" in diameter, instead of 47 ft. 6 in. In a large number of cases the titles under the illustrations are either quite inadequate or incorrect. Frequently no indication of the date or provenance of the object represented is given—as, for example, in the illustrations on pp. 4 and 5. Among the actual blunders the following are the most serious:—at p. 214 a Phœnician coin of Sidon is called a "coin of Cydonia"; at p. 260 a silver coin of Athens is called "obolus of Metapontum," and the magnificent example of pure Greek workmanship which is figured at p. 689 is entitled "Etruscan Mirror (Dennis)." Half a century ago all objects, whether of bronze or of pottery, which were found in the tombs of Etruria were classed as being "Etruscan"; but that very radical error has long since been corrected, and it is now, as a rule, by no means difficult to distinguish among the objects found in an Etruscan tomb those which are Greek imports from other objects which were made by the Etruscans themselves. The very beautiful drawing on the back of the mirror in question is of the finest Hellenic design and workmanship, and is strikingly unlike anything that the in-artistic, though technically skilful, Etruscans ever produced. As was commonly the case with Greek imports into Italy, the Etruscan or Latin buyer added an inscription of his own, but this is by no means a sign of the native origin of the object itself. No one, for example, could question the purely Greek origin of the magnificent Ficoronian cista, which, by the way, at p. 213 is called "Figaroni cista," because it has, rudely cut on it, the name of its Latin purchaser. In this respect, in the quality of the illustrations, and their explanatory titles, we are sorry to see that this second volume is no better than the first. With that drawback the work is, on the whole, one of real merit, and *Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities* will again occupy a good position among the similar works of any European country.

#### PUTNAM'S QUESTION OF COPYRIGHT.\*

THIS is a most useful collection of documents, including the United States Copyright Act of this year, and an account by

\* *The Question of Copyright: a Summary of the Copyright Laws at Present in Force in the Chief Countries of the World, &c.* Compiled by Geo. Haven Putnam. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

Mr. Putnam of the proceedings which led to its being finally passed. We do not think it is yet generally known in this country by what a combination of hard work and good fortune the Bill was carried through the Senate. It was passed at half-past two in the morning in a thin house, but a further dilatory motion was made, and defeated by 29 to 21 at half-past ten, "within an hour of the close of the Fifty-first Congress." This result was largely due to the personal exertions of three men, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Appleton, and Mr. Scribner. On our side of the ocean the minute history of the Act is by no means without practical bearing. If by any mishap there occurred serious delay, say beyond the end of July, in the issuing by the President of the United States of a proclamation declaring that Great Britain satisfies the conditions of the thirteenth section of the Act as to reciprocity, there would be quite an appreciable danger of the Copyright Act being repealed by the next Congress. The effect of this would be to undo all the good that has been done in America after twenty-three years of continuous work (begun by Mr. Putnam's father and a few others), and to leave the cause of international copyright morally in a worse position than before. As we lately pointed out, there is doubt enough as to the present state of our law to justify the President of the United States in requiring further assurance of some kind. How such assurance can best be given is a point by no means free from technical and other difficulties; but we cannot doubt that the authorities at the Board of Trade or the Foreign Office, or both, are giving their attention to the matter, and that a satisfactory way will be found. Two or three have been thought of, but it would not be opportune to discuss them now.

Some apprehension has been felt, we believe, on the point of simultaneous publication in England and America. We take this opportunity to observe that the American Act does not use any such words as "first publish" or "first publication" at all. Copies of the work to be copyrighted must be delivered, or posted within the United States, to the Librarian of Congress "not later than the day of the publication thereof in this or any foreign country." If therefore seems clear that, when once a foreign State has been declared by the President's proclamation to be within the benefit of the Act, an American-printed edition of a work by a citizen of that foreign State will obtain copyright if the forms are satisfied in the United States on the same day that the work is published in its own country. There is very little direct authority to show that the first publication required by our own Copyright Acts includes a simultaneous publication here and abroad, but what authority there is does go to show this, there is no authority to the contrary, and for many years the law has been treated as so settled by the practice of all persons interested. We do not think, therefore, there need be any trouble on this point.

The greater part of the Report of the Copyright Commission of 1878 is reprinted by Mr. Putnam, as well as Sir James Stephen's digest prepared for the use of the Commission. The text of the Convention of Berne and of the English Act of 1886 will also be found here. There are also several essays on various aspects of copyright, chiefly international, by Mr. Bowker, Mr. Brander Matthews, and Mr. Putnam himself. As a record of good work finally successful they are interesting; and Mr. Brander Matthews's paper on "The Evolution of Copyright" is of permanent value. Perhaps it would have been more merciful to leave Mr. Pearsall-Smith's royalty scheme undisturbed in the grave where it lies unlamented, having been starved in its infancy by the all but unanimous refusal of both British and American men of letters to have anything to say to it. The antiquities of the subject are not neglected, but are naturally of minor importance in the plan of the book.

#### SIXTY-THREE YEARS' ANGLING.\*

"HOW long have you played on these links?" Mr. Leslie Balfour was asked in a certain Law case. "Twenty-two years," was the reply. "And how old are you now?" "Twenty-four," said the witness. Mr. MacVine, who has fished for sixty-three years, must now be sixty-nine. He has made good use of his time, and has written a very pleasant book of reminiscences. "Salmon I have met" is an excellent subject for the "age of remembering" which "comes before the age of forgetting." Mr. MacVine began, *et al vi.*, in a burn which flows into the Earn. The early angler takes the worm; he also took a half-pound trout, which he threw clean over his head in the fearless old fashion approved by Mr. Frank Stockton's friend. You cannot do these things with the slim modern coach-whip of a rod. Nay, a bigger trout still whizzed over the shoulder of Mr. MacVine. He also "caught the angler's fever, of which he will never be cured." Why should he? There are fish in Styx, Pausanias tells us, and some know the extraordinary bait with which Mr. Russell, of the *Scotsman*, proposed to angle for them. Mr. MacVine played truant, and roasted on the bank the fish which he dared not take home. He then promoted himself to fly, first practising casting at corks placed on a lawn. He caught a small salmon with his first rod on his first day of trying, and was caught poaching on his first illegal venture. Then he travelled for a "Tea-house" in Derbyshire, in company with an eleven-foot rod,

\* *Sixty-three Years' Angling.* By John MacVine. London: Longmans & Co. 1891.

which he still uses. In Derbyshire he learned to use the fly which is on the water; in Scotland a feeding trout will take any small fly, though even Scotch trout begin to like their flies dry. He did not disdain to dibe, but now sees the wickedness of this early excess. He is very proud of a "scientific capture" made when lying down; but you often have to lie down, and it is not necessary to spring to your feet when you have hooked the fish. Indeed, the less you show yourself then the better, and it is particularly desirable not to trip and tumble as you try to rise. The fish, even if well hooked, gets out a lot of line which you may not easily recover. Alas! *Ay de mi*, as Mr. Carlyle says, on less moving occasions. Like other anglers Mr. MacVine finds that trout sometimes take enthusiastically in the bursting of a thunderstorm. He does not know if they behave thus on lochs, which we also have never fished in the ravages of an electric disturbance. In very heavy warm rain sea-trout show a healthy appetite. Mr. MacVine next tried Coquet with her good bull trout and the Northumbrian salmon rivers. In the Tyne he caught salmon in very low clear water, apparently permitting the fly to float dry, a difficult thing to do, down stream. He could see the fish rise to it through the clear water. On the Reed casting up stream he caught salmon with trout tackle. A fourteen-pound salmon on thirty yards of line is awkward; but old Barker, writing before Walton, recommends no longer line. He had a difficulty here about pursuing a salmon on to another man's land, or into another man's water. As a rule, he found whisky a great composer of differences with farmers.

Mr. MacVine mentions the way in which a salmon or trout, when hooked, is sometimes followed by a mate. This occurred once at Syre, on the Naver, where the unhooked salmon was gaffed by mistake, while the other was still running. The Tweed, at Yair, is Mr. MacVine's favourite water. There is none more beautiful, and even now it is not always so polluted as Mr. MacVine declares. After a flood it does not always smell disgustfully. But the fish have been long in the water before they reach Ashiesteil, and seldom show much vivacity. These were the great days of Russell and the Nest Club, which has left the pretty old "Nest" above the straits of Yair. Mr. MacVine's anecdotes of Don, Tay, and Loch Tummel are all excellent reading; and Mr. A. L. Brown, the member for the Sniggleton Burghs, may read with profit Mr. MacVine's account of Tweed poaching. Free fishing or no free fishing, the Sniggler will sniggle; he has no sense of sport. We heartily recommend Mr. MacVine's book to all anglers. It is excellent reading, and may rank with *A Year of Liberty*, and with Mr. Henderson's *My Life as an Angler*.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. EDMOND RADET'S splendid monograph on Lully (1) is one of those publications which are becoming a little commoner than they were, but are still rare, in England. The letterpress, though containing much information about the Italian-French composer which will be new to almost everybody, is not very copious, and, printed in less luxurious fashion, would occupy but little space. It has, however, no less than eleven full-page heliogravures of the most elaborate execution, reproducing Lully's portraits, his houses, his monuments, the spectacles of the pieces he arranged, and so forth. Their execution is worthy of the pains which M. Radet has taken in ascertaining the smallest details about the Florentine, and his care is worthy of them.

We noticed not many weeks ago the first volume of the new library of selections which M. Lhomme is editing in so handsome and cheap a form. The second and third (2) are devoted respectively to Voltaire, from whom you could, of course, make a dozen such volumes, and to the masterpieces of French sacred oratory, not confined, as usual, to the Grand Siècle group, but including them, and brought down to Lacordaire.

People who like "personal talk" will enjoy M. Bianchon's volume about Parisian doctors (3), which has red *encadrements*, and a vast number of full-page portraits of the subjects (M. Brown-Séquard is the only man who seems to have refused; for this one thing that he did we forgive him much, though not all). There is one lady doctor—Mme. Déjérine—of whom M. Bianchon remarks, with manly frankness, that she is "pas jolie." The French, it is known, are a polite race; a brutal Briton would from her portrait have pronounced her irregularly attractive. Indeed, M. Bianchon is very frank, as becomes his trade of "interviewing," for that is what it comes to.

We have, we think, already expressed some regret that M. Thouvenel (4), who has already published several volumes of his father's papers, has not boiled them down a little more, and the present fresh instalment increases the regret. It is entirely occupied by the diplomacy preliminary to the Crimean War, and especially the dispute about the Holy Places, a subject of im-

portance, no doubt, but hardly justifying a contribution of four hundred pages on it from the papers of one actor only. Such prodigality inflicts unnecessary labour on the historian, and is not, we should have thought, likely to be very gratefully received by the general reader. On the other hand, there is no doubt that it spares the editor a great deal of trouble, and obviates the danger of the task of selection and condensation being badly performed.

M. Gallet's interesting *Notes d'un librettiste* (5), which, by the way, have a preface from the always adroit hand of M. Halévy, contain naturally enough a certain amount of polemic in favour of "la vraie musique française," into which we need not enter. Patriotism is an excellent thing, but critically speaking we think it better to say that all good French music is good. The masters with whom M. Gallet deals are Bizet, Eugène Gautier, Conte, Lacombe, Castillon, and Massé, besides a kind of *coda* of minor and contemporary names. Of his major subjects, Bizet and Massé are incomparably the best known to Englishmen who are not specially musical experts, but all are worth knowing, and M. Gallet, a prolific librettist and a *habitué* of thirty years' standing, writes very well about them.

Mme. Henry Gréville (6) is in some ways one of the most remarkable novelists of the present day. She has never written a masterpiece; she has never given herself time to write one; we are not sure that she has the writing of one in her. But in not quite twenty years she has published some fifty novels of unusual average merit, and, instead of writing worse and worse, like most wielders of the running pen, she writes, as it seems to us, rather better than she did at first. The popularity of *Dosia* and her sisters was at least partly due to novelty of subject, to *engouement*, to this, that, and the other. During the last year or so—during the last few months, indeed—Mme. Durand has produced, with others, at least three novels, *L'Avenir d'Aline*, *Aurette*, and the book before us, which, if signed by a beginner, would have made any competent critic prick up his ears and open his eyes. No one of them, it is true, was without the faults which in these days of professional novel-writing beset the novelist; and which, if that school for novels for which some vainly lust were established, would assuredly ruin the whole business. But all have had remarkable merits. The point, however, which, as it happens, chiefly interests us in all three is the curious light that they throw on the varying standards of "a nice morality" in different peoples. Aline was not held up as a pattern daughter, but her anxiety about "ma dot" did not strike Mme. Durand as anything very shocking. The wicked girl in *Aurette*, who made love to the son of the house, and actually (oh! *candeur*, and so forth!) went with him to a restaurant, was justly punished by an unforgotten death in foreign parts. Here, in *Pénil*, a desire to take the other side again seizes us. André Heurtey, a rising painter, is loved (really *d'amour*) by a mysterious Mlle. Raffaele Solvi, rather older than himself, against whom nobody knows anything definite, but who lives magnificently by herself, and entertains chiefly men. Raffaele, though she does not tell André her whole story, tells him very frankly that her life has not been unexceptionable, and gives him the very best reasons for not being jealous of past rivals. He accepts these with joy, but when she proposes that he shall marry her, he draws back, and though he afterwards gives his word, he withdraws it again with the applause of everybody, on discovering or hearing that she is a little more what he among other people has made her than he thought. In this he has, we say, the hearty approval of his friends and his creatress, while the idea of marriage, though both *ex hypothesi* love each other to distraction, is regarded as not an imprudence—that would be intelligible—but a positively dishonourable act on his part. We can't see it.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE woodcuts in *Notable London Churches* ("Church Bells" Office) are of various degrees of merit, some being, in fact, as poor as if they had been done before Bewick had begun to influence English art. The first half of the book contains churches within the City only; the other half suburban churches. There are two views each of St. Paul's and of the Temple. St. Stephen's, Walbrook, is given as it appeared before the recent senseless but irreparable alterations, which, however, the writer of the descriptions apparently approves, for he says "the church has recently been restored." We do not recall a more grotesque example of the use of the word "restored." Here is what was done:—"The tall double-seated pews have disappeared, and light oak seats have taken their place. The pedestals of the pillars have been squared, the whole of the floor has been covered with marble mosaic, while the carving of the choir stalls will not disgrace that of Grinling Gibbons." It is not easy to understand this last sentence. The benches are of new yellow wood, carved in the latest style of Tottenham Court Road, neither better nor worse than we see it in other "restored" churches. But every vestige of Wren's hand that could be reached has been ruthlessly and effectually wiped off St. Stephen's. The Temple Church was hardly worth two cuts. Whatever it may have been at the beginning of the century, it is now the creation of Smirke, who "restored" it in 1825, and is only interesting as an example of

(1) *Lully*. Par Edmond Radet. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

(2) *Bibliothèque littéraire de la famille*. Par M. Lhomme. Voltaire. Les chefs d'œuvre de la chaire. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

(3) *Nos grands médecins*. Par H. Bianchon. Paris: Société d'éditions scientifiques.

(4) *Nicolas premier et Napoléon III*. Par L. Thouvenel. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Notes d'un librettiste*. Par Louis Gallet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Pénil*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.



the Gothic of 'tis sixty years since." The view of St. James's, Piccadilly, almost ignores Wren's church in favour of the entrance gateway, which most people would prefer not to see. On the whole, we may characterize this book as an interesting record of a number of buildings, many of which are doomed to destruction, or what is almost as bad, "restoration," and, so far as we have been able to test the information it gives, the letterpress is carefully and correctly compiled.

The eleventh volume of the *Collections for a History of Staffordshire* (London: Harrison) is issued by the William Salt Archaeological Society, and consists of three articles: extracts from the Plea Rolls, 1 to 15 Edward III., translated by General the Hon. G. Wrottesley, an important contribution to local and family history; the "Final Concords, or Feet of Fines," as far as they relate to Staffordshire between 1327 and 1547, by the same compiler; and "A Chartulary of the Augustine Priory of Trent-ham," contributed by the Rev. F. Parker.

*French Fiction of To-day*, by Mme. Van de Velde (London: Trischler), contains, besides general remarks on the fiction of the past fifteen years, more extended studies of the works of Paul Bourget, Guy de Maupassant, Georges Ohnet, Cherbuliez, Daudet, and Zola, besides others. In treating of a subject difficult to handle, the author has contrived to speak plainly of the degradation of some kinds of French fiction; and makes the sensible, if rather lenient, remark, that Zola will have to answer to posterity "not for what he has himself done, but for the sins of the younger generation, who look upon him as their guide and master." The criticism is all through of a fearless, but at the same time sober, character, and Mme. Van de Velde does not allow any personal preferences to weigh with her. She compares Maupassant with Bret Harte, a comparison which has at least the charm of novelty; but, on the whole, supports her views strongly. As to Daudet, we may heartily endorse her advice in one particular, "whosoever cannot read *Sapho* in French should not read it at all."

Mr. Blackburn's annotated and illustrated catalogues of the current Exhibitions are too well known and too popular to need much recommendation. We have them before us in three forms. The *Academy Notes* for 1891 contain, with a good deal of rubbish, as might be expected, some very pretty soft little prints, and some which give a deceptive charm to pictures hardly worthy of such tender treatment. The *New Gallery Illustrated Catalogue* is equally good; but as the pictures are fewer and the average of merit immeasurably higher, the book, which contains a pair of lovely little engravings of the pictures of Mr. Burne-Jones, is more pleasing. Finally, we have *Academy Sketches*, which includes most of the principal exhibitions. This last is published by Messrs. Allen, the two former by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

From Messrs. Griffith & Farran we have received Part I. Section IV. of Mr. Heron-Allen's *De Fidei Bibliographia*, containing a complete list of books relating to the history of the violin. This part is complete in itself.

*In a Conning Tower*, by H. O. Arnold Forster (Cassell), is a reprint of the account of how an officer takes a large ironclad into action, and brings her out again safe, if not sound, first published in *Murray's Magazine*. The illustrations by Mr. Overend are very spirited.

*A Little Rebel* (White) is by Mrs. Hungerford, author of *Molly Bawn*, and is a bright little story, in good bold type, suited to railway reading. *Selections from Charles Reade* (Chatto & Windus) leaves an unsatisfactory impression on the mind. Reade's style does not bear anatomization into passages.

The *Greek Gulliver* (Seeley) is a new edition of Professor Church's tales from Lucian. *Vanity Fair* (Dicks) is a sixpenny edition, in small type and thin paper, of Thackeray's immortal romance. Though it has facsimiles of all the original illustrations, we cannot pretend to admire it. Among other new editions are Mr. Loftie's *Westminster Abbey* (Seeley), in octavo; Mrs. Sutherland Edwards's *Secret of the Princess* (Chapman & Hall); *The Pariah*, by the author of *Vice Versa* (Smith & Elder); and the seventh edition of Mr. Woolhouse's *Measures, Weights, and Monies of All Nations* (Crosby Lockwood), a most valuable book of reference.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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